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PIONEER DAYS

ON

PUGET SOUND,

BY

ARTHUR A. DENNY.

SEATTLE, W. T.
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PIONEER DAYS ON PUGET SOUND.

It is now thirty-six years since I came to Puget Sound, and I am more and more impressed with the fact as each succeeding year rolls by that the early settlers of the country will very shortly all have crossed over the river and be soon forgotten, for we may all concede the fact that we shall be missed but little when we are gone, and that little but a short time; but when we have met the last trial and our last camp fire has died out some may desire a knowledge of such facts as we alone can give. I shall therefore give a brief account of my removal to the Pacific coast and my recollections of early settlements on the Sound, in which it will be my earnest endeavor to state nothing but facts, and I shall confine myself largely to what I know personally to be true, and when I have occasion to speak of matters outside of my own knowledge I shall so far as possible consult those who had personal knowledge of the facts stated. No one person can be expected to get all the items or note all the circumstances that may be of some little interest to those who are to come after us, and I think it by no means improper for any of the few early settlers now left, who may be so disposed, to contribute what they can to make up a record, which must now be very quickly done if done at all. The most important thing in my estimation is to make no wrong or incorrect statements. Let it be the pride of old settlers to state the truth. It is no time for romancing or painting fancy sketches when we are nearing the end of our voyage. The work is too serious for fiction. We want solid facts only.

We left our Illinois home on April 10,

1851, and crossed Iowa from Burlington to Kanesville, a Mormon town, (now Council Bluffs) on the Missouri river, traveling via New London, Mount Pleasant, Fairfield, Agency, Ottumwa and Eddyville. We crossed the Missouri river on May 5th, and traveled up the north side of the Platte river, and passed Fort Larimie on Friday, June 6th. Estimated distance from Missouri river at 530 miles. On Saturday, the 21st of June, we crossed the summit of the South Pass. We reached Fort Hall on July 4th, distance estimated at 1,104 miles. From Fort Hall our line of travel was on the south side of Snake river. Saturday, the 5th, we camped a mile or two above American Falls, and on Sunday morning as we passed the falls we observed a large encampment of Indians on the opposite side of the river, and an armed party of eight or ten crossing just at the foot of the falls. This party came to the front of our little train, which at the time numbered only four wagons and seven men, and endeavored to induce us to stop, pretending that they wanted to trade, but we declined to halt, and after we had passed them a short distance they fired, but on looking to the rear we could only see the puffs of smoke when they fired from behind the rocks, and at the same time we could hear the bullets whistle and see the dust fly where they struck, but fortunately they did not hit any of us. We now saw others crossing and running down the river toward the mouth of a ravine which we were approaching, but we succeeded in crossing and gained an advantageous position where we halted and waited for them to come in range of our rifles, but seeing our advantage they took good care to keep out of range. This was the only instance in which we encountered hostile Indians on the whole trip. A few weeks later a family by the name of Clark, while traveling two or three miles ahead of the main train, were ambushed and massacred, as near as I could learn at the same ravine

I have mentioned, and no doubt by the same band who attacked us. On Monday, August 11, we arrived at the Dalles, and John N. Low, C. D. Boren and myself chartered a boat to take us and our families down the river, and sent our teams over the mountains by way of Barlow's Pass. We arrived in Portland, Friday, August 22d. The estimated distance from the Missouri river to the Dalles is 1,765 miles—eighty days' travel. Entire time, ninety-seven days, and to Portland, 108 days. At this time all the western portion of Iowa was a very sparsely settled country, and after crossing the Missouri river it was without settlement to the Dalles, and there we found only traders' tents. The ground on which the Umatilla House now stands was then occupied by the tent of Wm. Craig, an Indian trader of note, and the boat which we chartered, belonging to a man by the name of Tudor, lay in the mouth of the creek at that point. At the Cascades we found the first houses which looked really like civilization. F. A. Chenoweth was building a tram road for the transfer of freight and passengers around the rapids, and at the upper landing were the Bradfords, Bush and Bishop, with others not now remembered. There was also a small, side-wheel steamer, called the Flint, nearly completed, intended to run between the Cascades and the Dalles, in which service she entered that fall, but I do not now remember who built or owned her, but there can be no doubt of the fact that she was the first steam boat above the Cascades. The navigation of that day between Portland and the Cascades differed somewhat from the present time. Chenoweth was running an old brig, called the Henry, no longer fit to go to sea, between Portland and the Cascades. Our baggage was the first freight to pass over the tram road, and was taken over on a car by hand, while we made the trip on foot to the lower end of the rapids, where we boarded the brig and made the voyage to Portland by sail and the help of the current. We found Portland quite a thriving town, probably containing a population of 2,000 or more even at that early period, giving promise of future greatness. It was reported at 821 inhabitants by the census of 1850, and in 1853 claimed 6,000, hence I do not think my estimate for 1851 can be far out of the way.

On leaving home for what we called the Pacific Coast we had no other purpose or expectation than to settle in the Willamette valley but we met a man on Burnt river by the name of Brock, who lived near Oregon City and had come out expecting to meet some friends, failing in which he turned and came back with us to the Dalles. He gave us information in regard to Puget Sound, and called attention to the fact that it was about as near to the Sound from where we first struck the Columbia river, now known as Umatilla Landing, as it was to Portland, but as yet there was no road over the mountains by which it could be reached. My attention was thus turned to the Sound, and I formed the purpose of looking in that direction, but soon after our arrival in Portland my wife, one child and myself were taken with ague which held us until late in the fall, most effectually defeating all my plans for examination of the country. In the month of September J. N. Low and my brother, D. T. Denny, drove Low's cattle over to Judge Ford's, on the Chehalis river, for winter range, with the purpose also of examining the country, and while awaiting a report from them I received a visit from Thomas Chambers, father of David and A. J. Chambers, who gave me information which greatly increased my interest in the Sound country. At Olympia they fell in with Lee Terry, and the three there joined Capt. Robert C. Fay, and came down to the Duwamish river exploring. On the 25th of September they went up as far as where H. Van Assalt, L. M. Collins and

Jacob Mapel and Samuel Mapel, had shortly before determined to locate.

While looking around Low and Terry concluded to locate a town site, and with that view made a joint location on Alki Point, and Low hired my brother to remain on the claim with Terry, while he returned to Portland for his family, and on the 28th day of September, Terry and my brother laid the foundation for the first cabin. When Low returned to Portland, the schooner Exact, Capt. Folger, was fitting for a voyage to Queen Charlotte Island with gold prospectors, and to touch at the Sound with emigrants, and we determined to take passage on her. She sailed on the 5th of November, 1851, and cleared at Astoria, as shown by the custom house records, on the 7th. We crossed out on the same day, and on Thursday, the 13th, our party, consisting of myself and family, John N. Low and family, C. D. Boren and family, Wm. N. Bell and family, and Charles C. Terry landed at Alki Point, added to which were my brother, David T. Denny, and Lee Terry, making in all twenty-four persons—twelve adults and twelve children—all at the present time (November 13, 1887,) living but six. The increase has been seventy-nine, all now living but six, making a total of 103 persons, and total number of deaths in thirty-six years, 12. Our first work was to provide shelter for the winter, and we finished the house begun by my brother and Lee Terry for J. N. Low, and all took shelter in it from the rain, which was falling more or less every day, but we did not regard it with much concern, and seldom lost any time on that account. We next built a log house for myself which increased our room very materially, and made all more comfortable. We had now used up all the timber suitable for log houses which we could get without a team, and we split cedar and built houses for Bell and Boren which we considered quite fancy, but not so substantial as the log houses. About the time we had completed our winter quarters the brig Leonesa, Capt. Daniel S. Howard, came to anchor in the bay. Seeing that the place was inhabited by whites the captain came on shore seeking a cargo of piles, and we readily made a contract to load his vessel. We had no team at the time, but some of us went to work cutting the timber nearest to the water, and rolled and hauled in by hand, while Lee Terry went up the Sound and obtained a yoke of oxen, which he drove on the beach from Puyallup with which to complete the cargo, but we had made very considerable progress by hand before his arrival with the cattle. Alki Point had not been a general camping place for the Indians, but soon after we landed and began clearing the ground for our buildings they commenced to congregate, and continued coming until we had over a thousand in our midst, and most of them remained all winter. Some of them built their houses very near to ours, even on the ground we had cleared, and although they seemed very friendly toward us we did not feel safe in objecting to their building thus near to us for fear of offending them, and it was very noticeable that they regarded their proximity to us as a protection against other Indians. On one occasion during the winter Nelson came with a party of Green River and Muckilshoot Indians, and got into an altercation with John Kanim and the Snoqualmies. They met, and the opposing forces, amounting to thirty or forty on a side, drew up directly in front of Low's house, armed with Hudson Bay muskets, the two parties near enough together to have powder burnt each other, and were apparently in the act of opening fire, when we interposed and restored peace without bloodshed by my taking John Kanim away and keeping them apart until Nelson and his party left, and he still lives but John Kanim was killed years ago in a similar feud in Tulalip; it, however, was not unusual for them to have a great war of words and no one hurt.

Col. G. O. Haller tells a good story which illustrates this point very well, of a difficulty occurring between two opposing parties on Whidby Island, in which he thought it was necessary to interpose to prevent bloodshed. He called on Tom Squi-qui, who spoke English, to interpret for him, while he would talk to them and thus prevent violence. After he had spoken a few words, Tom exclaimed; "Don't be afraid Major, they aint going to shoot. You see if Indian is going to shoot, he shoot before other fellow gets a chance and then talks."

Low and Lee Terry, as before stated, had located with a view of holding donation claims and laying off a town, which they did toward spring. The Terrys being New Yorkers, first named the place New York, but afterwards changed it to Alki, which all old settlers know signifies "by and by," "before long."

The object of all who came to Oregon in early times was to avail themselves of the privilege of a donation claim, and my opinion to-day is that every man and woman fully earned and merited all they got, but we have a small class of *very small* people here now who have no good word for the old settler that so bravely met every danger and privation, and by hard toil acquired, and careful economy, saved the means to make them comfortable during the decline of life. These, however are degenerate scrubs, too cowardly to face the same dangers that our pioneer men and women did, and too lazy to perform an honest day's work if it would procure them a homestead in paradise. They would want the day reduced to eight hours and board thrown in.

Toward spring Bell, Boren and myself began to look for claims. We had looked up the coast toward Puyallup during the winter and did not like the prospect. In the month of February we began exploring round Elliott Bay, taking soundings and examining the timber. Piles and timber being the only dependence for support in the beginning, it was important to look well to the facilities for the business. After a careful examination of the harbor, timber and feed for stock, we, on the 15th of February, 1852, located and marked three claims in one body. The southern boundary we fixed on the point at what is now the head of Commercial street, and on the north where Bell and D. T. Denny, who soon after located his claim, now join. We had left our stock in the Willamette valley to winter, and our plan was to get the stock over, and then divide and move onto our claims. On the 23d of March the Exact came in on her return from the gold expedition, having failed to find anything of interest. Boren and my brother took passage on her to Olympia on their way to the valley for the stock, leaving Bell and myself in charge of the claims and families. I am under the unpleasant necessity of again speaking of the inconvenience of illness, situated as we were. During the winter we did not shake with ague, but had not fully recovered, and before the return of the boys with the stock we were all down again shaking every other day, and so continued until August, which was a very embarrassing situation for me, but I do not now remember that I ever felt particularly despondent or like giving up the struggle, for struggle it truly was. On the 31st of March Dr. D. S. Maynard arrived at Alki in company with Seattle and a number of his tribe who had been stopping at Olympia during the winter. Their object was to establish a camp for fishing, and the Doctor was intending to pack salmon when the season for them came. After an examination of the point, now called Milton, and other places on the bay they selected the southern point on our claims. Maynard at first declined to take a claim, stating that he only wanted a temporary location to pack fish for the season, but on further consideration he concluded to accept our offer and make a permanent location, and we accordingly moved our boundary north to what is now the south line of Mill street in order to accommodate him with a claim. On April 3, 1852, Bell, Boren's family and Maynard moved over, leaving myself and family too unwell to move until a house could be built. Bell camped on the north and Boren on the south side of our territory until they could build cabins for themselves, and they then built one for me on the bluff at the mouth of the gulch which runs to the bay in front of where the Bell Hotel now stands and moved us over. The front of our territory was so rough and broken as to render it almost uninhabitable at that early time. I dug a well forty feet deep in the bottom of the gulch and only got quick sand with a very limited amount of water. Direct communication with the bay, by which we received all our supplies at that time, was next to impossible, owing to the height of the bluff, and I next built where Frye's

Opera House now stands, and we divided the territory so that each could have access to the water and make the claims as nearly equal as possible.

In October, 1852, H. L. Yesler arrived from Portland, looking for a location for a steam saw mill. He was pleased with the situation where Boren and Maynard joined, and as there had not yet been any claims filed in the land office, which at this time was in Oregon City, they each agreed to give him a portion of their territory in order that he might also obtain a claim. These several adjustments were all amicably made, as all were anxious to enlarge the settlement as much as possible. The policy of laying off a town, and the name, had been discussed and agreed upon by us before Yesler came, which accounts for the fact that he does not appear as one of the proprietors in the first plat which was filed for record. All had gone smoothly until the time when we (Boren, Maynard and myself) were to record a joint plat of the town of Seattle, when it was found that the Doctor, who occasionally stimulated a little, had that day taken enough to cause him to feel that he was not only monarch of all he surveyed, but what Boren and I had surveyed as well. Consequently Boren and I, on the 23d day May, 1853, filed the first plat of the town of Seattle. When in the evening of the same day, his fever had subsided sufficiently, the Doctor filed his also. Thus it will be seen that the ground had been occupied for more than a year before the town was laid off.

Early in 1853 J. N. Low sold his interest at Alki Point to Chas. C. Terry, and moved to the neighborhood of Olympia. Terry's brother having previously returned East, he thus became sole owner at the Point. On the 18th of April, 1855, he and Edward Lander bought the front half of the Boren claim, and he soon after opened business in and became a resident of Seattle, and on July 11, 1857, exchanged his Alki property for a portion of the Maynard claim, and Maynard took up his residence at Alki.

When our party landed at Alki Olympia was quite a village, having been settled in 1847 by E. Sylvester. In 1851 Capt. Lafayette Balch located at Lower Steilacoom, and J. B. and John M. Chapman at the upper town. Of our emigrant party who came by the Exact, James Hews and family settled at Steilacoom; H. H. Pinto and family and D. R. Bigelow at Olympia. John Alexander and family landed at Olympia, where they wintered, and in the spring of 1852 located on Whidby Island. Alford M. Miller, who was one of the Exact's party of gold prospectors, also located on Whidby Island, and H. H. Pinto crossed back and settled at Cowlitz landing.

On the 16th of September, 1851, Henry VanAssalt, L. M. Collins, Jacob Maple and Samuel A. Maple selected claims on Duwamish river, and on the 27th of the month moved onto them from Nesqually river, where Collins had previously settled and where also Wm. Packwood and George Shaser at the time were living, but I have not the exact date of their settlement on the Nesqually, There were of this party in all seven persons, all now dead but VanAssalt. In the spring of 1851 A. A. Plummer and Charles Bachelor located at Port Townsend. A few days after our party landed at Alki Point, F. W. Pettygrove and L. B. Hastings came across from Portland and camped over night with us on their way to Port Townsend, where they made arrangements to locate, returned and brought their families around on the schooner Mary Taylor, arriving, as I have been informed, on the 19th day of February, 1852. Of the other early settlers in the vicinity of Port Townsend now recalled were Albert Briggs, A. B. Robinson, J. G. Clinger, E. S. Fowler, John F. Tukey, J. J. H. VanBokkelin, Thomas Hammond, R. Ross, H. C. Wilson, Henry Webber and James Kaymes.

T. W. Glascow told me of a settlement he made on Whidby Island in 1848, or possibly not till 1849, but owing to the threats made by the Indians he determined to vacate his claim, and in the fall of 1850, Col. Ebey located on or very near the place he had vacated. Recently I received a letter from R. H. Lansdale, who came to Oregon in October, 1849, in which he gives a narrative of his early experience on the Sound, which I think worthy of preservation, and I shall give it in his own language.

"Reached Tumwater in January, 1851. Found Major Goldsborough at Simmon's and Col. Ebey at Olympia. Being advised by Ebey, started down Sound February 5th for Whidby Island, with King George, Duke of York, and Duke of Clarence. Steilacoom was just then being settled, a vessel unloading at the time. Reached Port Townsend, saw immense Indian houses, but no settlers yet. Plummer not long after took his claim there.

Crossed to Whidby Island and settled at Oak Harbor, February 10th. Made a good garden that year. Col. Ebey told me of Snoqualmie Falls, and I had Indians take me. Saw the Falls; prepared and walked—one Indian carrying baggage—to top of divide in Snoqualmie Pass. In the summer Asher Sargent landed horses at Oak Harbor for Wm. Wallace and family, who settled at Crescent Harbor—so named by myself. I had now been many months alone, the few men being off helping to load piles for San Francisco wharves, so I fastened up cabin, potatoes, etc., and left to spend the winter at Olympia. As I approached Alki Point I saw a white man standing on the beach with a surveyor's staff in his hand looking to see who the white man approaching might be, and the man on the beach introduced himself as Arthur A. Denny. In March, 1852, helped to build a scow to take Crockett and Ebey's stock to Whidby's Island. As soon as we landed, I abandoned my claim on Oak Harbor on account of the mud flats, and took my claim at Penn's Cove. In 1851, there were three settlers at Oak Harbor, Martin Taftson, Clement W. Sumner and Ulric Friend."

In the spring of 1853, the brig Cabott, Capt. Dryden, came from Portland with quite a number of settlers for the Island. She made Penn's Cove by way of Deception Pass. Of these now recalled who came by her were James Buzby and family, Mrs. Maddox and family, R. L. Doyle and wife, Mrs. Dr. J. C. Kellogg and family, the Dr. having crossed by way of the Cowlitz, and Mrs. Smith and daughter, mother and sister of Dr. H. A. Smith.

It may be said with propriety that the settlement of the Sound below Olympia, or Budd's Inlet, by American citizens, began substantially in 1851. This remark of course does not include the Puget Sound Agricultural Company's station at Fort Nesqually, and the Hudson Bay men connected with it, or even a few

American citizens in the vicinity. At this time all white men were supposed to know each other, and their location and occupation, between the mouth of the Cowlitz River and Cape Flattery.

The man who had the best stock of health and the most faith and pluck, was the most wealthy, for we were all capitalists in those days. Each one expected to help himself, and as a rule all went to work with energy to open up the country and make homes for themselves, and at the same time they were ever ready to help each other in case of need or misfortune, and I will presume to say that if the people now possessed more of the spirit that then actuated the "old moss backs," as some reproachfully style the old settlers, we would hear less about a conflict between labor and capital, which in truth is largely a conflict between labor and laziness. We had no eight hour, nor even ten hour days then, and I never heard of any one striking, not even an Indian, except that every man who was worthy of the name (and I am proud to say that there were few exceptions then,) was found striking squarely and determinedly at whatever obstacle stood in the way of his success. How unfortunate that it is not so now, for I confidently assert that for those coming to the Sound now there is a brighter future and a lighter task, if they will but lay hold in the right spirit, than there was for those who came in early times. In 1853 we had quite an accession to our population on the Sound, from the immigration of that season, a number of whom came over the mountains by the Naches Pass.

In the fall of 1853, A. L. Porter located a claim on the prairie, which takes its name from him, and Dominick Corcoran and James Riley located on Muckleshoot prairie, the three being at the time the farthest out in that direction. Lower down the valley were Wm. H. Brannan, Geo. King, Harvey Jones, Enos Cooper,

King & Jones did not come until 1854

Moses Kirkland, Wm. Cox, Joe and Arnold Lake, John M. Thomas, R. H. Beaty, and D. A. Neely. At and near the junction of White and Black rivers were Wm. H. Gilliam, Joseph Foster, Stephen Foster, A. F. Bryant, Charles E. Brownell, and further up Black River O. M. Eaton, Joseph Fanjoy, H. H. Tobin, and Dr. R. M. Bigelow. On the Dewampsh River, of those now remembered who have not already been mentioned, we have John Buckley, August Hograve, George Holt, Dr. S. L. Grow, G. T. Grow, J. C. Avery, Eli B. Maple, C. C. Lewis, Bennet L. Johns. On the lake John Harvey, E. A. Clark, T. D. Hinckley, Lemuel J. Holgate, on the bay south of town, John C. Holgate, Edward Hanford, John J. Moss, and at the mouth of the river Chas. Walker.

On the Puyallup were R. A. Finnell, Abiel Morrison and family, John Carson and family, J. W. McCarty and family, Isaac Woolery and family, Willis Boatman and family, Adam Benson, Daniel E.

Lane, Wm. Kincaid and family, and others not now remembered—Nicholas Delin was located at the mouth of the River.

When we selected our claims we had fears that the range for our stock would not afford them sufficient feed in the winter, and it was not possible at that time to provide feed for them, which caused us a good deal of anxiety. From statements made by the Indians, which we could then but imperfectly understand, we were led to believe that there was prairie or grass lands to the Northwest, where we might find feed in case of necessity, but we were too busy to explore until in December, 1852, when Bell, my brother, and myself determined to look for the prairie. It was slow and laborious traveling through the unbroken forest and before we had gone far Bell gave out and returned home, leaving us to proceed alone. In the afternoon we unexpectedly came to a body of water, and at first thought we had inclined too far eastward, and struck the lake, but on examination we found it to be tide water. From our point of observation we could not see the outlet to the Sound, and our anxiety to learn more about it caused us to spend so much time that when we turned homeward it soon became so dark, that we were compelled to camp for the night without dinner, supper or blankets, and we came near being without fire also, as it had rained on us nearly all day and wet our matches so that we could only get fire by the flash of a rifle, which was exceedingly difficult to do under the circumstances. Our camp was about midway between the mouth of the bay and the cove, and in the morning we made our way to the cove and took the beach for home. Of course our failing to return at night caused great anxiety at home, and soon after we got on the beach we met Bell coming on hunt of us, and the thing of most interest to us just then, was he had his pockets filled with hard bread.

This was our first knowledge of Shilshole Bay, which we soon after fully explored and were ready to point new comers in that direction for locations. The first to locate were Dr. H. A. Smith, Edmund Carr, E. M. Smithers, David Stanley, John Ross, F. McNatt, Joseph Overholts, Henry R. Pearce, Burley Pearce and Wm. A. Strickler. McNatt and the Pearces afterward changed their location, and Ira W. Utter and —— Hall came in and occupied the ground at first held by them. Some of them had the impression that the bay must be a great resort for salmon in their season, and therefore named it Salmon Bay, but time proved it not to be a very appropriate name. The narrative of our travels and discovery in this case will doubtless sound strange to some now, but it was not uncommon for inexperienced persons then to get lost between the bay and the lake, and in some cases it was necessary to look after them to prevent their suffering. In April, 1853, Dexter Horton and Thomas Mercer arrived, and Mercer settled on the claim where he still lives. He brought the first wagon to Seattle, and at the time there was not a rod of road on which to run it, but we improved the trail so that the wagon could pass as far northward as his claim. Of the early settlers in Seattle and vicinity now remembered who have not been mentioned as locating claims were Hilory Butler and wife, S. W. Russell and family, T. S. Russell, Robert Russell, Geo. F. Frye, George N. McConnaha and family, Franklin Matthias, Henry Adams, William P. Smith and family, David Phillips, L. V. Wyckoff, S. Wetmore and family, M. D. Wooden, Ira Wooden, Walter Graham, John A. Chase, Wm. G. Lattimer, Charles Plummer, Dr. J. Williamson, William Hefner, S. M. Holderness, David Maurer, Robert Gardner, Jacob Wibens, Gideon Hubbard, Thomas Stewart, N. H. Oglesbee, John Margrave, J. W. Margrave, Mrs. Conklin, George Bowker.

Of those on Whidby Island not otherwise mentioned were Robert Bailey, Capt. William Robertson and family, Walter Crockett Sr. and family, John Crockett and family, Samuel Crockett, Walter Crockett Jr., Charles Crockett, Hugh Crockett, Samuel Hancock and family, Henry McClurg, William and Benjamin Welcher, John Kinneth and family, J. S. Smith and family, Capt. Coupe and family, C. H. Ivins and family, John, Thomas and James Davis, Jacob Ebey and family, Geo. W. Beam, Nathaniel D. Hill, Robert Hill, Humphrey Hill, William B. Engle, C. T. Terry and mother, Grove Terry and wife, George Kingsbury, Captain Barstow, Samuel Libby, Robert Hathaway, Thomas Cranney, Lawrence Grennan, Major Show and family, Isaac Power and family, S. D. Howe, R. B. Holbrook, G. W. L. Allen, Thomas Hasty and family, John Condry, J. Y. Sewell, Edward Barrington, Charles C. Phillips, Robert C. Fay, Thos. and Samuel Maylor, Caleb Miller and family, A. M.

Miller, John M. Izett, James and Milton Mounts.

Our first year on our claims (1852) was spent in building homes and getting out piles and timber as a means of support. That year we were visited several times by the brig Franklin Adams, Capt. L. M. Felker, and about as regularly by the brig John Davis, owned and commanded first by Capt. Geo. Plummer and next by Capt. A. W. Pray. Each lumber vessel carried a stock of general merchandise, and upon them we depended largely for our supplies. In the winter of 1852-53, but few vessels visited the Sound for several months, and as a consequence it was a time of great scarcity, amounting almost to distress. Our pork and butter came around Cape Horn, and flour in barrels from Chili, sugar mostly from China in mats. That fall I paid $90 for two barrels of pork, and $20 a barrel for flour. I left one barrel of the pork on the beach in front of my cabin, as I supposed above high tide, until it was needed. Just about the time to roll it up and open it there came a high tide and heavy wind at night, and like the house that was built upon the sand it fell, or anyway it disappeared. It was the last barrel of pork in King County, and the loss of it was felt by the whole community to be a very serious matter. There were different theories about it. Some said it would float and had gone out to sea. Others thought it had rolled down by the action of the waves into deep water. We all turned out at low tide in the night with torches and searched the beach from the head of the bay to Smith's Cove, but the pork has not yet been heard from. After the loss of the pork our flour and hard bread gave out, but fortunately we had a good supply of sugar, syrup, tea and coffee, and with fish and venison we got along quite well while we had potatoes, but finally they gave out. We then had to make a canoe voyage to the Indian settlement on Black river to get a fresh stock of potatoes. Flour sold as high as $40 a barrel, but finally the stock was exhausted so that it could not be had on the Sound at any price until the arrival of a vessel which did not occur for six weeks or more. This was the hardest experience our people ever had, but it demonstrated the fact that some substantial life supporting food can always be obtained on Puget Sound, though it is hard for a civilized man to live without bread.

Yesler's was the first steam saw mill on the Sound, and when he began to cut lumber we built frame houses and vacated our log cabins as speedily as possible, and I believe his cook house for the mill was the last log house in use in the place. In the spring of 1853 J. J. Felt located at Apple-tree Cove and built a mill, which, after the first winter, was moved to Port Madison and afterward bought, enlarged and improved by G. A. Meigs. Isaac Parker, Delos Watterman and S. B. Hinds came up on the brig John Davis to assist

Felt in building at Apple-tree Cove, arriving in Seattle Feb. 9th, 1853, and began work early in March. Also in the spring of 1853 Capt. Wm. Renton came to Alki and built a mill, which, early in 1854, he moved to Port Orchard. It now seems strange that men of such marked intelligence and experience as they possessed could have overlooked and passed by such superior locations as Madison and Blakely, but I suppose it was upon the theory that Puget Sound is all a harbor, and it was not necessary to be particular, a mistake that has been made in many other cases on the Sound.

In July, 1853, Capt. William C. Talbot came to the Sound in command of the schooner Julius Pringle, to select a site for a saw mill, in the interest of Wm. C. Talbot & Co., the firm being composed of himself and A. J. Pope, of San Francisco, and Chas. Foster and Capt. J. P. Keller, of East Machias, Maine. Among others on the schooner were Cyrus Walker, present manager of the Puget Mill Company, E. S. Brown, millwright, Nathaniel Harmon, Hillman Harmon, David Foster and James White, all of the State of Maine. The cargo of the Pringle consisted of lumber, tools and supplies necessary for beginning the proposed enterprise. They first anchored in Port Discovery Bay, from whence they made explorations round the Sound as far south as Commencement Bay, and finally determined to locate at Port Gamble, to which point the schooner was brought and discharged as soon as possible, and building commenced. On the 5th day of September, 1853, the schooner L. P. Foster, commanded by Capt. J. P. Keller, arrived 154 days from Boston, having on board his wife and daughter, who were the first white women to land at Port Gamble.

The Foster brought the mill machinery and general outfit, and after loading with piles at the head of the bay, was taken to San Francisco by Capt. Talbot, Capt.

Keller remaining in charge at the mill, where he continued as resident partner and manager until his death.

This trio of noble pioneers, Pope, Talbot and Keller, being now all dead, I think I may with propriety speak of their high character for business integrity and enterprise. They belonged to that class of men who do not idly wait for something to turn up, but were full of energy and push, and not only helped themselves, but were ever ready to extend a helping hand to the needy and unfortunate.

When Capt. Talbot and party were looking for a location they found Capt. Wm. P. Sayward, and J. K. Thorndyke busily engaged in building a mill at Port Ludlow, which in time became one of the principal mills on the Sound and has finally become the property of the Port Gamble or Puget Mill Company. Sayward, one of the founders, died suddenly in California, and Thorndyke, I think, is still living.

In 1853 Utsalady was located by Laurance Grennan and two partners, Thompson and Campbell, and in 1858 Thomas Cranney bought an interest, and under the firm name of Grennan & Cranney, they built a sawmill and operated it in connection with the shipment of spars to Europe, which was for a time their principal business. This mill has also become the property of the Puget Mill Company, and is now one of the largest mills on the Sound. Mr. Grennan, one of the founders, died in 1869.

Seabeck was located in 1856 by a company composed of Messrs. S. Adams and Marshall Blinn of San Francisco, and J. R. Williamson, Hill. Harmon and W. B. Sinclair, of the Sound. Work was commenced by Williamson in the fall of that year, and Blinn also came up the same fall with the bark Brontes, and in July, 1857, they began to cut lumber.

The first settler at Dungeness was Daniel F. Brownfield in 1852, followed by B. J. Madison, J. C. Brown, Charles M.

Bradshaw, Elliott Cline, John Thornton, Capt. E. H. McAlmon, Thomas Abernethy, John Bell, S. S. Erwin, John W. Donnell, G. H. Gerrish, Daniel Smalley and some others not now remembered.

The first settlement on Bellingham Bay was in 1852, and those I now remember were Capt. Pattle, Henry Roeder, R. V. Peabody, Edward Eldridge, Daniel Harris, Capt. William Utter, A. M. Poe, John Bennett and E. C. Fitzhugh.

The first settlement was made on the Snoqualmie river, on the prairie above the falls, by the Kellogg Brothers in the spring of 1858, followed in the summer by J. W. Borst. Their only means of transportation at that time was by canoe from Seattle, by way of the Sound and Snohomish river, and there was not then a house to be seen on the whole voyage between Salmon Bay and their little settlement on the Snoqualmie. In 1863 the first settlement was made in Squak valley by John Casto and wife, John Halsted, Frederick Johnston, James Bush and family, Wm. Dennis, J. P. Adams, Thomas Cherry, Nes Jacob Ohm and L. B. Andrews and family. Casto and his wife and Halsted were murdered by Snohomish Indians in revenge for the murder of some two or three of their people by a white man, and as usual in such cases, the whites who lost their lives were in no way connected with the murder of the Indians. This circumstance, though not indicating a general hostile outbreak, had the effect to break up the settlement for a time. The name Squak, or Squawk as I should spell it, is a corruption of the Indian name Squowh, or as some would think to hear the Indians speak it, might more properly be written Isquowh. The tribe or band of Indians inhabiting Squak Lake and its outlet, numbering not more probably than two hundred when we settled on the bay, and now almost extinct, were Simumps, and not as some call them Sammamish.

Duwamish, Snohomish and Suquamish are also all corruptions, and would more properly terminate in "psh" as Dewampsh, Suquampsh, etc. Our first effort in anything like public road making was a county road from Steilacoom City to Seattle. Wm. N. Bell, L. M. Collins and John M. Chapman were appointed by the county commissioners' court, of Thurston County, Oregon Territory, as viewers, and reported on March 23, 1853, from which I quote as follows: "From Seattle to Collins', on Dewampsh river; thence on the dividing ridge most of the way, striking the Puyallup river one mile above Adam Benson's claim; thence to crossing of Steilacoom creek; thence to Steilacoom, the terminus." At the time this report was made Thurston County had no longer jurisdiction of the case; having been divided. The commissioners' court at the time of division was composed of Sidney S. Ford Sr., David Shelton and myself, and I retained and have since preserved this rather curious and now ancient document. We, however, did not abandon the effort to get the road, but proceeded to open it by volunteer work, and also a road from Alki to intersect it near Collins', but these roads were traveled but little, and after the first year were allowed to go out of use for want of work to keep them open.

By act of Congress, approved Jan. 7th 1853, an appropriation of $20,000 was made for a military road from Fort Steilacoom to Walla Walla. This money was expended under the superintendence of Capt. Geo. B. McClellan, of the regular army, afterwards Major General, in the *year 1853, by the way of Nachess Pass and as elsewhere stated, a number of emigrants came over in that season.

Our people at once turned their attention to opening a road from Seattle to intersect this military road, and practically accomplished it, but by the next season it was found that the military road was not a success, as a wagon road across the moun-

*Mistake, not a dollar spent by the government in 1853 tains, and we next turned in the direction of the Snoqualmie Pass so called at the time, but it was what in later times has been called Cedar River Pass. It was in early times used by the Indians and Hudson Bay men as a pack trail and was sometimes called by them Green River Pass. This trail came over from Nesqually and crossed Cedar River, well up that stream, and was intersected by another from Snoqualmie prairie, at what is now known as Rattlesnake prairie, and thence over the mountains to the foot of Lake Kitcheles, and thence down the Yakima.

There was another line sometimes used by the Indians, called the foot trail, which ran from the prairie up the south fork of the Snoqualmie to a point within about five miles of the pass, and then crossed over the divide to the West side of the lake, It was by this foot trail that Lieutenant Tinkam came over in February, 1854. In the early summer of 1855 a party went out on a road expedition, composed of Judge Lander, Dexter Horton, F. Matthias, Chas. Plummer, C. D. Boren, A. F. Bryant, J. H. Nagle, Chas. Walker, Dr. Bigelow, and some others not now remembered. They went out by way of Squak and the falls of Snoqualmie. Some of them went over the mountains by the foot trail to the lake, and others by the horse trail. At one time they were camping at what is known as Rattlesnake prairie, and one of the party was startled by a rattling in the weeds, and reported that he heard a rattlesnake, which on investigation proved to be simply the dry seed pods of a weed, but it was sufficient to give a name to the place which it has ever after kept.

The party here again divided, some following the old trail over to Green River and others down the Cedar. As a result of this exploration we proceeded to cut a trail out by way of Meridian prairie, and thence crossing Cedar river at the old Green river trail and out by Rattlesnake

Prairie; but this trail was never traveled to any extent.

The Oregon legislature session of 1852-53, divided Thurston county, forming on the north Pierce, King, Island and Jefferson, and appointed as a county board for King, J. N. Low, L. M. Collins, and myself, County Commissioners; H. L. Yesler, Clerk, and C. D. Boren, Sheriff. We all qualified except J. N. Low, and held the first Commissioners' Court March 5th, 1853.

We obtained our mail from Olympia, the nearest postoffice, by a canoe express, for which service we hired Robert Moxlie to make weekly trips between Seattle and Olympia. All were required to pay twenty-five cents a letter, and nearly all subscribed something in addition to support the express. For this service I gave the lot now owned by M. R. Maddox, upon which the City Drug Store now stands. Our last express was received August 15th, 1853, and brought us twenty-two letters and fourteen newspapers. August 27th, having been appointed postmaster, I received the first United States mail ever delivered in Seattle, and opened the office in a log cabin, where Frye's Opera House now stands. I, however, was not permitted to enjoy the distinguished honors and immense emoluments of the position long. Dr. Maynard and two or three kindred spirits very secretly represented to the Department that I was not in sympathy with the administration; in fact that I was not only a Whig but an "offensive partisan," and got me relieved Oct. 11th, 1853, by the appointment of W. J. Wright, a little drunken doctor.

This intrigue was discovered not long after the petition had gone on, and Geo. N. McConnaha and other friends of the administration—in other words Democrats—forwarded a protest, and on May 4th, 1854, I was recommissioned by Horatio King, First Assistant Postmaster-General; but I declined the appointment. About this time Wright left the country, forgetting to pay his bills before starting, or settle with the Department, and Chas. Plummer was next appointed.

In early times we occasionally saw the Hudson Bay steamers, Beaver and Otter, passing to and from the station at Nesqually, but as yet no American steamer had ever navigated these waters. The first American steamboat was brought to the Sound by her owners, A. B., David and Warren Gove, on the deck of the bark Sarah Warren, in October, 1853. She was a small sidewheeler called the "Fairy," and made several trips to Seattle, and occasionally lower down the Sound, taking the place of our canoe express in carrying the mail, but she proved insufficient as a sea boat on the Lower Sound and a small sloop called the "Sarah Stone," was for a time put on the line by Slater & Webber. In the fall of 1854, James M. Hunt and John N. Scranton brought up the "Major Tompkins" and contracted to carry the mail on the Sound, running through to Victoria, and in March, 1855, she was wrecked in entering Victoria harbor. The next steamer was the iron propellor "Traveler," which came in the summer of 1855, and was commanded by Capt. J. G. Parker. Next was the "Water Lilly," a small side wheel boat, brought up by Capt. Wm. Webster.

The fifth and last one I shall mention was the "Constitution," put on by Hunt & Scranton to fill the place of the "Major Tompkins."

The first religious service in Seattle was by Bishop Demers, a Catholic, in 1852. The next was by Rev. Benjamin F. Close, a Methodist, who came to Olympia in the spring or early summer of 1853, and made several visits to Seattle during the summer and fall, and the same season Rev. J. F. DeVore located at Steilacoom. C. D. Boren donated two lots for a Methodist Episcopal church, and in November, 1853, Rev. D. E. Blaine and wife arrived and Mr. Blaine at once engaged in the work of building a church on the lots donated by Boren. This was the first and only church in the place until 1864, when Rev. Daniel Bagley built the Methodist Protestant Church, which he painted brown, and the other being white, they were ever afterward designated as the "White" Church and "Brown" Church.

Mrs. Blaine taught the first school, Miss Dorcas Phillips the second, and E. A. Clark the third.

These were not free schools, in fine and well-furnished houses, such as the youth of the place is now favored with. We were then glad to get schools at any cost and paid the expense without a murmur; but there is a vast difference now. I am proud of the schools of Seattle to-day, where a high school education is furnished free to every child who chooses to take it, and I regret that it is in many cases so little appreciated by both parents and children that it almost justifies the expectation that the next step will be to pay the children for going to school, and allow them to strike for higher wages and shorter days, with the privilege of arbitrating the matter in the end.

The first Fourth of July celebration north of the Columbia River, of which I have any knowledge, was held at Olympia July 4th, 1852, on the hill, where the old schoolhouse stood, but it was then new and unfinished. D. R. Bigelow was orator, and B. F. Shaw, marshal, but I do not now remember who read the declaration.

It was quite a respectable celebration, and was attended by most of the population within a day's travel, and quite a number like myself, from a greater distance. Those times we traveled almost entirely by canoe and never expected to make the trip from Seattle to Olympia in less than two days. In the winter I have frequently been three days, and camped on the beach at night, and on one trip—I well remember—in December, 1852, the weather was so stormy I had to camp two nights before reaching Steilacoom.

In after years I have paid as high as ten dollars steamer fare to Olympia, and when it got down to six dollars we thought it very reasonable. It always cost me more than that amount by canoe, when traveling alone with an Indian crew, to say nothing of the comfort and time saved by steamer, and time was quite as much of an object with us capitalists then as now.

We all had to make the time count—no time for standing round and finding fault because someone else had the best show, or strike for higher wages and expect some one to feed us while we were refusing to work, as now seems to be the case. During the first two or three years after the settlement of the Sound fairly commenced, the Indians were generally friendly, but in a few instances they committed murders when they thought it could be concealed. A man with whom I was personally acquainted, by the name of Church, came to the Sound in the fall of 1851, and that winter went to Whidby Island, locating on Crescent Harbor, and was killed not long after by the Indians. For this murder one Indian was convicted and executed at Penn's Cove, and a surveyor by the name of Hunt was murdered on the Swinomish Slough, for which two Indians were convicted and hanged at Whatcom. Another case which I remember was a man by the name of Young, who had hired Indians to take him down on the east side of Whidby Island in February, 1853, and was murdered by the two Indians he had in his employ. The murder was soon discovered and T. S. Russell, deputy sheriff, with a party of four white men and four Indians, went down to Holmes Harbor to arrest the murderers, which they succeeded in doing, but after getting them into their canoe, were fired upon by the Indians on shore. One man, Dr. W. F. Cherry, was mortally wounded and died the next day, March 6th, 1853. The whites were all wounded, but none of them seriously, except Cherry. One of the prisoners was killed, the other escaped. One of the Indian crew was mortally wounded, and the other three escaped without injury. The whites claimed that they killed several of the hostile or attacking party.

There was also a white man killed in 1853, and buried on Lake Union, near where the street railroad terminates at present. The Indians reported this murder, and the body was disinterred, but could not be identified. Two Indians were hanged for this murder without legal trial, and previous to this, in July, 1853, an Indian had been hanged for killing his cloochman, the same day he had committed the deed. Three persons—all now dead—were indicted for this offense, one of them was tried and acquitted, and the other two discharged without trial. I have ever been opposed to mob law. It is a most dangerous method of punishing crime and settling grievances amongst civilized men and where savages are concerned it is no better. I have no doubt that two white men, one by the name of Rodgers, the other Phillips, were killed to compensate for the one Indian executed by the mob for killing his squaw, and I think that it is safe to say that it has always been so in dealing with the frontier tribes. If they commit crimes against the whites and are dealt with and convicted under due process of law, I am very sure that the effect is much more likely to be salutary, and the penalty imposed accepted as a final settlement by the friends of the offenders. I think this theory is justified by the result in the case of the two Snoqualmie Indians who were executed at Steilacoom barracks for killing Milton Wallace at Fort Nesqually in 1849. On my arrival in the country, I early became acquainted with Pat Kanim, Chief of the Snoqualmies, from whom I learned the particulars of this case.

He seemed to have a wholesome fear of the law and the power of the government and professed friendship for the whites, the sincerity of which he afterwards proved to the fullest extent, but the whites then in the country were disposed to look upon him and his tribe with distrust on account of their early trouble.

As early as the fall and winter of 1854, he gave me information of the growing dissatisfaction and feeling of hostility among the Indians east of the mountains, and by the spring of 1855, he showed such concern that I became convinced of his sincerity. I could see no motive but friendship, when he came to me privately in the night to warn me of approaching danger to the whites. When he made his last visit and communication to me in the fall of 1855, shortly before the Indian outbreak, he stated that he was going up the Steilaguamish river to hunt mountain sheep, a circumstance to which I shall again refer.

In the summer of 1855, O. M. Eaton and Joseph Fanjoy crossed the mountains over the Cedar river trail on a mining expedition, followed not long after by a party composed of L. O. Merilet, J. C. Avery, Chas Walker, — Jamieson and Eugene Barier.

After this last named party had reached a point in the Yakima valley, near Simcoe, and while Jamieson and Walker were traveling a short distance in advance of the other three, they were shot down by Indians. Fortunately those behind discovered what had happened in time to take to the brush and make their escape. They kept under cover during daylight and traveled by night without trail or other guide than their own skill as woodsmen, and succeeded in reaching the settlement in a famishing condition.

The day before the return of this party Judge Lander, Hilory Butler and myself started for a trip, looking to an improvement of the road over the mountains, and camped at Black river, where we were to be joined by Dr. Bigelow, but when this party reached town and reported, it was at once seen that the Indians east of the mountains were picking off all straggling parties, and a messenger was sent to call us back, lest we should fall into a trap like Walker and Jamieson, and no doubt Eaton and Fanjoy before them, as they were never heard of after. Shortly after this—date given by A. L. Porter, which I accept as correct, as September 27th, his house was attacked in the night, but he had been apprehensive of danger for some time, and adopted the policy of sleeping in the brush near by, and when the attack was made on his house he at first thought it might be a party of whites wanting to stop for the night, and approached so near in order to learn who it was, that he came very near failing to escape. Fortunately, however, he did escape, and warned the other settlers of the danger; thus warned, they came to Seattle for safety. Just at this time the sloop of war Decatur, Capt. Isaac S. Sterrett, came to anchor in the harbor, and we at once made a statement to him of our exposed situation, and a request for protection, which he promptly promised to give. Gov. Stevens had but recently made treaties with all the Indians on the Sound, and in the Yakima country and was at this time in the Bitter Root country, not aware of what was transpiring behind him; in fact not suspecting any treachery or bad faith on the part of the tribes he had so recently treated with.

It was also most unfortunate that those having charge in his absence were not calculated to deal understandingly with the Indians and refused to believe that there was any danger until the outbreak came, when in fact there was abundant evidence of the impending danger. When Acting Gov. Mason heard that Porter's house had been attacked, and that through his escape and warning, the settlers on the upper White river had left their homes and come to Seattle for safety and were engaged in building block houses, he took Lieutenant Nugent with a squad of soldiers from Steilacoom barracks and went out by way of Puyallup to Mukilshoot and Porter's prairie and had a talk with the Indians, who succeeded in deceiving him by professing friendship for the whites, telling him that they were foolish for leaving and ought to come back. He came down White river by canoe to Seattle, and told the people they ought to return to their homes at once, and were perfectly safe in doing so.

He then went on board of the Decatur and made the same report to Captain Sterrett, telling him that it was all a false alarm, and that he might with perfect propriety leave at any time, and without delay, departed for Olympia himself. Capt. Sterrett at once concluded that he had been victimized by a set of land sharks for purposes of trade, and singled me out as one of the chief offenders. He accordingly came on shore as soon as Mason and Nugent had left, and called on me and in a very heated manner, stated what Mason had said; that he felt that he had been grossly deceived and imposed upon by us, and that he would immediately get his ship under way and leave. I replied that Mason, and those to whom we had a right to look for protection, were deceived, and that Mason had now deceived him, but if he chose to believe Mason and desert us in time of extreme danger, I had no power to prevent his doing so; and further, if our people, who were then here in safety, were induced by Mason's advice, to return to their homes, they would be murdered within a fortnight. After reflecting a short time he remarked, "How can I tell whom to believe; you seem to be so earnest I will stay and find out for myself." Some of us tried to induce those who were here to stay, but a number of them came to the conclusion that Porter was alarmed without cause, and that Mason ought to know best and must be right, and so returned to their homes. It may now seem strange that there could have been any doubt of the true situation, when it is remembered that the fact was known to all, that Walker and Jamieson had been killed, and that Eaton and Fanjoy were missing, with no reason to doubt that they had shared the same fate, yet many of the citizens were ready to agree with Mason, and ridicule those who had given timely warning, calling them timid and even cowards. Within the time I had predicted to Capt. Sterrett the outbreak came and on the ~~[illegible]~~ 28th of October, 1855, Wm. H. Brannan, wife and child, Harry N. Jones and wife, Geo. E. King and wife and Enos Cooper were killed, and an infant child of King's could not be found—whether it was killed or carried off will never be known certainly, though there is reason to believe that it was killed and burnt in the house.

The settlers lower down the valley narrowly escaped and succeeded in again reaching Seattle in safety. The consternation and alarm was now general, and none could be found to doubt the fact that the Indians were unfriendly. Those who, a short time before insisted that the Indians were all friendly, would now declare most vehemently that all were hostile, and must all be treated as enemies.

Immediately after the White river massacre, Lieut. Slaughter was ordered up the old military road, to the Naches Pass, and after reaching Porter's prairie, he sent down an express to Gov. Mason, stating that Pat Kanim was dogging him at every step, and around his camp every night. On receipt of this dispatch, Mason sent an express to Capt. Sterrett at Seattle, instructing him to immediately arrest two of Pat Kanim's brothers, with all members of the tribe who were then camping in Seattle, and put them in irons. Having previously stated to Capt. Sterrett that I had received information from Pat Kanim that convinced me of his friendship and that of

* [illegible] before the massacre

his tribe, the Captain did not feel willing to take so important a step without consulting with me, and sent for me to come on board the Decatur, when he stated what he was directed to do, and that he must make the arrest at once, for the Snoqualmies would certainly leave during the night.

This was startling news to me, and I most earnestly protested, telling him that I knew Lieutenant Slaughter was mistaken, and that we had enemies enough to look after without attacking our friends; but he was so much disposed to act on Gov. Mason's orders that I finally proposed, if he would not disturb the Snoqualmies, I would be responsible for their good conduct, and would prove to him that Slaughter was wrong, by going to Pat Kanim's camp and bringing him in. He very positively refused to allow me to leave town, but consented that I might send an express for Pat Kanim, and stand responsible for them until their return, having a time agreed upon within which they would be back. Very fortunately for me, and probably for Pat Kanim too, he was on hand within the time agreed upon. He had his women and children with him, and also brought a cargo of mountain sheep, venison, horses and hides, specimens of which he took on board and presented to the Captain,* who expressed the greatest surprise and satisfaction with the conclusive proof, which I had thus furnished, of the good faith and friendship of the Snoqualmies. I never heard anything more from headquarters of the hostile Snoqualmies, but Pat Kamin was very soon employed by the Governor with a party of his tribe, as scouts and did good service during the continuance of the war.

Now to refer again to the evil effects which have always, in my opinion, followed any attempt to punish Indians by mob violence, as was done here in the case cited before, in which two white men were secretly made way with, I think the case of the Snoqualmies furnishes the strongest proof, that the effect is very different, where they can see that there is careful, dispassionate investigation, followed by punishment for the wrong committed. Pat Kanim and his brothers gave me the particulars of their case, as I have before stated, and professed to accept the judgment of the court as just, and expressed a wish to cultivate friendship with the whites, and I think we have conclusive evidence of the sincerity of their professions, and that they were ever afterwards the friends of the whites. I will say farther, that my acquaintance and experience with the Puget Sound Indians proved them to be sincere in their friendship, and no more unfaithful and treasonable than the average white man, and I am disposed to believe that the same might be truthfully said of many other Indians.

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*Capt. Sterrett was placed on the furlough list and relieved by Capt. Gansvort in Dec. 1855.

After the White river massacre it was determined to prepare for defence in case of an attack on the town. At the time there was a large amount of hewn timber on hand twelve inches square, which was well suited to the purpose. Two houses were built of this timber, of sufficient capacity to hold the entire population at the time. One was located at the junction of Front and Cherry streets, and the other at the junction of Main and South Second streets, and the two joined by a stockade which also ran from each blockhouse westward to the bay, and was well calculated for protection on the land side of the town, from whence all attacks were likely to come. Early in the morning of January 26th, 1856 the town was attacked by the Indians. They had congregated during the night and taken their position under cover of the timber, along the face of the hill, in readiness to make the attack as soon as the people began to stir, but their presence was made known by friendly Indians before the attack was made, and a howitzer was fired by order of Capt. Gansvort in the direction indicated by the friendly Indians which was promptly followed by an answer of musketry all along the woods in rear of the town, fully demonstrating the fact that the place was really surrounded by the hostiles.

Fortunately all the whites who were sleeping outside of the stockade escaped to the block houses without injury. The firing was kept up all day and two whites were killed, one, Robert Wilson, fell near the southern block house, and the other, Milton G. Holgate, brother of Mrs. E. Hanford, and Lemuel J. Holgate, who still reside among us, was shot while standing in the door of the Cherry street block house. Two houses were burnt during the day, one near where the gas works now are and the other the dwelling of Mr. Bell; several other houses, my own among the number, were plundered during the evening, and everything of value carried off.

It is a mere matter of opinion whether

the town without the aid of the Decatur would have been able to withstand the attack, but with the help of the marines on shore and the guns of the Decatur in the harbor it was quite a different matter.

Following the White river massacre the upper valley had been laid waste, and now as the hostiles withdrew from the attack on the town they completed the work of destruction. With the exception of Alki, which was out of their range and escaped destruction, I do not think there was a house left standing outside of the present limits of the town. There were two or three that had been fired and not entirely destroyed. King county, at the commencement of hostilities, was in a fairly prosperous condition, but now all was in ruins, and the entire population was compelled to seek shelter and safety in Seattle or elsewhere, and a great many were so discouraged that they left the country. The war continued until the fall of 1856, but I do not propose to follow the subject farther, as the principal incidents of the struggle are matters of historical record already. I will say, however, that under protection of a company of volunteers there was sufficient ground cultivated in the lower valley to supply the few families that remained with vegetables for the next winter, but those were times of pinching want and great privation, such as we never experienced here except in the winter of 1852-3. Those who remained until the close of the war were so discouraged, and so much in dread of another outbreak, that they were unwilling to return to their homes in the country and undertake the task of rebuilding them, and as a consequence it was years before we recovered our lost ground to any great extent. Business was generally stagnant. Little in the way of building or improvement was attempted. Roads that had been opened before the war had mostly became well nigh impassable, and some of them entirely so, and active efforts were not resumed to improve our roads and open communication with the country east of the mountains until 1865, a period of ten years.

In August, 1865, J. W. Borst, Wm. Perkins and myself determined to make a trip over the Snoqualmie pass proper, for the purpose of finding a more favorable line for a wagon road than that by the Cedar river pack trail. At the time we could only find one Indian (Saniwa) who had ever been through. He stated that it was lower than where the trail crossed, but was hard to get through on account of brush and timber, but was good for a wagon road.

He would not undertake the trip, but gave directions to two young Indians who took us up the foot trail, with which they were acquainted, and pionted out the line of Lieut. Tinkam's travels and other whites who had crossed since, but from that point through the pass where the road now runs to near the head of the lake it was a trackless wilderness, over which the

Indians had not traveled except on rare occasions, in fact going down by the east side of the lake it made a distance of at least fifteen miles of uneplorexd country.

On this trip we left Borst's on August 13th, and made our first camp at about nine miles, on the river bank. On the 14th, at about twenty-four miles, we left the foot trail, and at 5 o'clock camped on the river. The 15th, at about twenty-nine miles from Borst's, by our estimate, we crossed the summit, and at about nine miles from the summit we reached the trail near the foot of the lake, where we found John Ross, L. V. Wyckoff and Saniwa camped with our horses awaiting our arrival. I am aware that it is understood by some that Tinkam and others had been over the same ground before, but I know from the statement of the Indians and from our own observations that such is not the fact.

From the camp at the foot of the lake Borst, Perkins and the Indians returned, and Wyckoff, Ross and myself proceeded down the valley to the old military road, and returned over the Naches Pass. At this time there was not a white person to be seen on the whole line of our travels until we reached White river at Thomas' place.

On our return a party was organized to commence work immediately, under the superintendence of Perkins, to open a road through the pass by the line which we had explored, and they reached a point that fall about fifteen miles above Borst's, where work was suspended for the winter, but was not resumed the next season.

In the summer of 1867 we again took up the work where Perkins left off and opened the road to a connection with the Cedar river pack trail at the foot of Lake Kichelas. Thus at last, after years of effort, was accomplished a work which had been a favorite enterprise with the people of the middle Sound from its first settlement. The road was far from good, but it was at the time a great work, considering the means available to accomplish it, and, though poor, it served to open up direct communication with the country east of the mountains.

This work mainly devolved upon and was accomplished by the people of King County. If the Territory at large could have seen its importance in the true light this would not have been so, but it would have been improved and early made a general thoroughfare to the great benefit of both sections of the Territory.

During my residence in this country I have endeavored to avoid making statements, either verbal or written, that would be misleading to those who were looking to this Coast with a view of coming here to settle; and I never yet advised any one to come, believing that the only proper thing is for each one to take the whole responsibility of determining for themselves.

All old settlers know that it is a common occurrence for parties who have reached here by the easy method of steamer or railway in a palace car, to be most blindly unreasonable in their fault finding, and they are often not content with abusing the country and climate, but they heap curses and abuse on those who came before them by the good old method of ninety or a hundred days crossing the plains, just as though we had sent for them and thus given them an undoubted right to abuse us for their lack of good, strong sense. Then we all know too, that it has been a common occurrence for those same fault finders to leave, declaring that the country was not fit for civilized people to live in; and not by any means unusual for the same parties to return after a short time ready to settle down and commence praising the country and climate as though they wanted to make amends for their unreasonable behavior in the first instance.

I regret that we have no connected and reliable record of rainfall and temperature from the first settlement of the Sound.

Where it is necessary to depend upon memory I have found that great mistakes are made and matters get badly mixed.

It is very common, as we all know, to hear people complaining of the weather, asserting that it is the coldest or the hottest, the wettest or the dryest they ever saw without seeming to think how reckless and misleading such expressions are. Then the "oldest inhabitant" so often confidently states that this is the coldest winter ever known. The news reporter interviews him, and out comes the announcement: "Coldest winter on record," and probably the information that the climate has greatly changed since the first settlement of the country, and very likely assign reasons for the change, when, in fact, if we had a record of rainfall and temperature for the time covered by the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and his father before him, we would find that things had remained substantially as they were ages before. I will, however, take the risk myself of making some statements in regard to our Puget Sound climate, which must be based largely on recollection or memory. The winter of 1851-2 being my first in the country I would very naturally have a more distinct recollection of it than of succeeding winters, and I can confidently say that it was quite a mild winter. We had but little snow and no freezing to speak of, ice not more than half an inch in thickness. The winter of 1852-3 was one of our coldest, but I had the misfortune to break my thermometer before it got to the coldest, and I could not replace it, and cannot, therefore, give the temperature.

We had a twelve-inch snow on the bay, and I was informed that it was much deeper at the head of the Sound. The snow remained on the ground two or three weeks, and ice formed on the mud flats and mouth of the river, and floated back and forth with the tide so as to seriously interfere with boats and canoes crossing the bay. There would be several hours during flood tide when the ice would be packed up toward the mouth of the river that the bay was clear, the obstruction occurring again with the ebb.

The coldest winter we ever experienced on the Sound was 1861-2. I then carfully observed my thermometer, and the lowest point reached by my observation was two degrees below zero, and I have never known it lower than that at any time. It should be remembered that the amount, or thickness of ice formed, does not depend so much on the actual degree of cold as on the duration of freezing weather, and I think this fact accounts, to some extent, for the different estimates we get of cold weather when not based on instrumental observation. Then there may be a difference of several degrees in thermometers, and quite as much in location or exposure; hence we have contradictory reports.

Of late years I have kept several thermometers by different makers, and have compared them carefully to be sure that there was no great error in the instrument. With this preparation and a northern exposure I have noted the following as the coldest days for the three last winters:

February 11, 1884, 6 deg. above zero.
December 30, 1885, 10 deg. above zero.
January 17, 1886, 14 deg. above zero.
February 4 and 5, 1887, 10 deg. above.

The heaviest wind storm since the settlement of the country was on the night of November 16, 1875. This was simply a strong gale which threw down considerable timber and overturned light structures such as sheds and out buildings. It is safe to assume that there has not been a hurricane or cyclone on the Sound or west of the Cascade mountains for ages, if ever, as there are no marks to indicate it anywhere in the timber. The marks and course of a hurricane could be plainly seen and traced in the timber of this country for hundreds of years.

The deepest snow ever known here was in January, 1880, measuring four feet and a half after it had settled, and would have measured much more as it fell. I made inquiry of the Indians, and could get no account of anything like it before, and it may therefore safely be called unusual, as the like has not been known to the white inhabitants except in this instance.

In closing I will say that it was not my purpose to come down to a late date in this sketch, but to confine myself to the very earliest settlements on the Sound, and I have not to any extent spoken of settlements at the head of the Sound and beyond it for the reason that they antedate my time, and I therefore thought it proper to leave that duty to someone who could to a greater extent speak from personal knowledge. Some may also think that I have omitted names which should have been mentioned. To this I will say I have doubtless failed to recall some who were here in earliest times, and where I have spoken of families I did not think it necessary to name all the members of each family. Also there is a large number who rank as old settlers, and who are worthy of honorable mention at all times, but do not come within the time properly covered by these notes, and I hope someone who is better qualified than myself will take up the history where I now leave it.

ERRATA.

Page 33,	line 5	from bottom,	read	Wm. Hebner.
" 40,	" 3	" "	"	died recently.
" 41,	" 11	" "	"	Wm. J. Adams.
" 64,	" 9	" "	"	Harvey K. Jones
" 69,	" 9	" "	"	Jan. 26, 1856.
" 67,	" 6	" top	"	horns.

CALIFORNIANS

AND

MORMONS

BY

A. E. D. DeRUPERT

NEW YORK
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PREFACE.

The writer is a foreigner who, during the three years past, has travelled in all the Northern and South-western States, crossed the American steppes, visited the abode of the "Saints," and walked the streets of the Golden Gate City. He was not an opulent tourist in search of new pleasures and adventures, but a Bohemian seeking a closer acquaintance with the institutions and characteristics of a nation that is playing so prominent a part in the progress of civilization.

The present volume is made up of extracts from his diary.

New York, *March*, 1881.

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I

HOW IT CAME TO PASS THAT A GREAT CITY WAS BUILT.

MAN is a gregarious animal. Were it not so, Babylon and Tyre, Athens and Rome, Paris, London and New York could not have been ; and civilization would be among the impossibilities. Whether they dwell in the Rocky Mountains or in the Russian steppes, the men of the field, isolated from one another, away from populous centres, cut off, as it were, from the world that thinks, are semi-barbarians very little in advance of their ancestors of the primitive days of modern Europe. The reckless rovers of the Western wilds and the gold diggers of the Sierras, though full-blooded Aryans, not unfrequently become worse savages than the aborigines themselves.

Isolation breeds mental aberration, vice and nothingness. Alone, man is a shadow ; with men he is a power. Let these illiterate backwoodsmen, these rough miners and freebooters of the plains gather together near the sea-shore, and what do we find? On the bank of a vast and commodious bay, a few miles from the mouth of a river navigable far into the interior; in a land fit for the dwelling-place of the gods, a modern Hesperia, a snowless land, where orange trees and vines grow, where the fields are golden with wheat and the mountains yellow with gold, where the birds sing in January and shake their wings with delight under the green foliage on the hills, we behold the magnificent city of San Francisco boasting its three hundred thousand inhabitants, its palatial residences, its grand hotels, its educational institutions, its churches, its literature and its art.

It came to pass in the year 1848 of the Christian era that gold was discovered in large quantities in the American River, west of the Sierra Nevada, some two hundred miles east of the Golden Gate. The news flew with the rapidity of a hurricane from State to State, it crossed the Atlantic and the Pacific and reached the four corners of the earth. It was a great distance indeed from the Atlantic coast to the American River; and there were no railroads then to carry the fortune seekers across boundless, uninhabited plains and alkali deserts, and over gigantic snow-covered mountains. It would take four and perhaps five months to reach the place, either by land or by sea. But what matters distance, time and hardships when there is gold to be found in plenty at the end of the journey? All difficulties become at once bridged by the certain prospect of riches, which seems to give man wings wherewith to cross thousands of miles of unknown countries and tempestuous seas.

In the Spring of 1849 a great multitude of men coming from all parts of the world, but mainly from the Atlantic and North-western States, began to steer their way westward across the plains, and over the oceans around the Horn. In the Fall of the same year California found nearly one hundred thousand able-bodied, intelligent emigrants of all nations, colors and creeds, added to its previously sparse population.

This vast army of peaceful invaders settled at once the fate of San Francisco. From a small trading post, this city became immediately the busy shipping and receiving port of the Pacific coast. Miners and gamblers, speculators, tradesmen, professional men, preachers of the "Living word," knights of the press, thieves, murderers and dissolute women flocked thither *en masse.*

The sand hills, which were the only ornaments of the peninsula, were levelled and carted away into the bay. Streets were laid out and houses were built as by magic. The town grew rapidly.

"Talk of Leadville," said a red-nosed forty-niner to me, "well t'aint notin to what San Francisco use to look like in them days. 'Twas buildin, and buildin all the time."

I believed the old man. How could I help myself? I stood in the midst of a great and magnificent city, where only thirty years ago the eyes would have met with a vast field of sand without the least vestige of vegetation, bare, yellow, burning sand that the wind shifted hither and thither. Indeed there must have been "buildin" going on and a restless activity at work to have transformed this hilly, sandy desert into a metropolis of "palaces," and given it such commercial importance in a quarter of a century.

II.

SAN FRANCISCO IN THE SUNLIGHT AND SAN FRANCISCO SLEEPING.

San Francisco is a city of wondrous sights. It is the most picturesque town in America, not even excepting Quebec, and also one of the most beautiful. Its streets, whether on the level plain or running up and down hills of various heights, are well laid out, wide and straight. They are well paved and extremely clean in summer, being almost daily or nightly swept by the trade winds—by the way, the most faithful blowers I have ever met—and carefully sprinkled. The leading business thoroughfares, such as Kearny, Montgomery, Market, Pine, California and Sutter streets, are lined with truly imposing buildings, having from four to six stories, and considerable architectural beauty. The private dwellings are clustered on the hill tops. There are palaces on "Nob

Hill" and less pretentious houses on other hills. These houses are built of wood to avoid a general tumbling down during earthquakes. They are painted lavender color and are built with bay windows to absorb the sun's rays whenever they chance to pierce the clouds during the winter or rainy season. It may be said that San Francisco is a city of bay windows. The little houses and the big houses have their bay windows, and so have the hotels and many business blocks. They would doubtless have been placed over the cellar doors had it been found at all practicable. The San Franciscan wants plenty of light; he is fond of the sun and he is right, for it saves him from many an encounter with the worst of all demons—rheumatism. Very few old, shabby buildings are to be found in San Francisco. The metropolis of the Pacific looks as new as a recently painted picture in the Paris salon. It seems as though it had sprung from the earth in one night, at the bidding of an enchantress.

The mode of transit for street passengers is original to say the least. The street cars dash up and down hills, stop and start again with the utmost ease; and all without any visible means of locomotion. They are drawn by ropes imbedded in the middle of the street, and hence the name "cable roads." This unique process is described by the monosyllabic Mongolian as "No horsee, no pushee, no pullee, no steamee; melican man heap smart."

A good view of the city and of its splendid surroundings can be had from several of the hills; especially from Telegraph Hill and California Street Hill. From these heights the traveller sees at a glance the whole city: a forest of houses with domes and steeples towering above them; the busy wharfs and the bay, the largest, the most commodious and the safest harbor in America. Alcatraz and Goat Islands are near by. The former is not a smiling island. On the contrary it frowns, and a times its thunders awaken the echoes of the surrounding mountains, for it is fortified and garrisoned by United States troops. Its cannons, old fashioned and smooth bore, might, it is thought, succeed in sinking a wooden craft venturing to slip in through the Golden Gate with warlike intents.

The latter island represents peace, harmony and commerce; it stands, as a kind of hyphen, midway between San Francisco and Oakland. It has a bell and a fog horn, and in foggy weather it rings and it blows; whilst in a clear day it seemingly watches with pride the passing and repassing of the ferry-boats plying between the two cities every half hour. These boats are heavily laden, morning and evening, with tourists and emigrants, several tons of mail matter and many more tons of baggage, all coming from far away "back East," *en route* to the metropolis of the Pacific.

Ships flying the colors of all nations, crafts of all descriptions, pleasure yachts and row boats are seen either at a stand-still or ploughing the waters in every direction. The beautiful city of Oakland, the Brooklyn of San Francisco, the villages of Berkely and Alameda are there in full view, east just across the bay, some seven or eight miles distance, smiling under a blue and cloudless heaven; and almost under the shadows of a range of treeless mountains, green in winter and yellow in summer, that frame the panorama at whatever points of the compass the eyes may be directed.

It is in the night and very dark, but the atmosphere is cleared of fog. You are standing facing westward, on the upper deck of a ferry-boat coming from Oakland. A delightful sea breeze plays about you. You feel refreshed body and soul. No noise but the throbbing of the engine and the moaning of the water, lashed into foam by the regular motion of the wheels, is to be heard. Your eyes seem riveted on something in the distance ahead. It is a strange, novel, weird, fascinating sight that something. It is a mountain looming out of the water, some three miles in length and all ablaze with lights running upwards in close parallel lines, and losing themselves in the cloudless horizon above, among the twinkling stars. Silvery stars above and golden stars below. Splendid contrast! This miniature firmament, profusely decked with stars of gold and seemingly floating over the waters of the bay, is San Francisco sleeping.

III.

WHY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE IS NOT WHAT IT SHOULD BE.

UNLIKE St. Louis, San Francisco is not a city of parks. It has a few pretty "squares" and strips of verdure shaded with cypress and semi-tropical trees in various quarters; but these hardly come up to the dignity of parks. Golden Gate Park, however, should have a special mention. San Franciscans feel as proud of it as the Neapolitans do of the Vesuvius. The good people there compare it to Central Park and even to still more famous public grounds in the Old World, and they seem unaware that they are making themselves ridiculous. That this park will some day become one of the most beautiful and picturesque pleasure-grounds in America, there can be no doubt; but it is now in a rather crude state, and he who makes bold to place it on the same level with Central

Park must indeed possess the fanciful imagination of a Moor.

Viewed from an architectural stand-point, San Francisco falls under the adverse criticism justly applied to all American cities, especially in regard to public buildings, either of a secular or religious character. Every American is his own architect, which implies, as a matter of course, that he knows all that can be known in architecture. What use is there of consulting this and that fellow. Didn't he make his own money? Why, then, not build his own house? Do you think he is a fool? I guess not. Attempt to persuade such a self-important individual that such and such a building might have been more majestic in its outlines, more harmonious in its proportions; that it is not graceful enough in its details; that it is either surcharged with ornaments, or too rigid in its awkward simplicity; that it properly belongs to no special style or combination of styles of architecture; that it plainly shows the stupidity of the architect and not unfrequently the unskilled hand of the workman, and you will have your labor for your pains. To these observations there will come but one answer. You will be told that the building costs one or more millions, and that it is thought "the finest thing in the State." The standard of architectural beauty or taste in America is, it would seem, the amount of money expended in the erection of a building. It is a curious standard; but it has its merits:—it is new and it provokes laughter.

That an American should boast of his government, of his laws, of his freedom, well and good. He who is not proud of his American citizenship is an imbecile; for surely it is a title worthy of envy—a title greater than that of Roman citizen in the time of the Scipios. That he should even survey with pride and exhibit with ostentation his self-acquired wealth, I see no objection. It is a very pardonable weakness. Family pride is commendable. Why not be equally proud of a fortune honestly acquired? Wealth is the supreme power in a new State where there are no family histories, no one directing social force or standard, growing out of the experience of many centuries of æsthetic culture, to fashion public opinion. Wealth foreshadows intellectual and social refinement, and the flourishing of the arts.

That this American, by reason of his citizenship and especially of his great riches, should believe himself a clever politician and a powerful personage in his community or State; it is again well. But when, with little education, less early training, with no taste and less manners, he proclaims himself a standard in social ethics, an artist, an architect, I hastily file in an objection. Yes; I most earnestly protest in the name of common-sense, in the name of the artistic future of a great nation. Whatever may be the political liberties which are enjoyed in this land of Washington, it is none the less a fact here, as elsewhere, that a drayman is a drayman, a saloon-keeper, a saloon-keeper,—occupations, I gladly admit, that are worthily filled by intelligent men; but I hold that these men, however rich they may suddenly become in the oil fields or at the stock-board, are not the proper authorities to consult in matters pertaining to the higher arts and the science of architecture, especially in the building and ornamentation of public edifices, from the State capitols down to the jails.

I grant that there are here, in the States, architects of talent, of genius, it may be; but they too often become abject pupils in the hands of ill-educated, tasteless, self-important *parvenus*, whose sole purpose is to make a noise, build the "biggest thing out," and reap all the benefit they can out of the "job," which, when completed, turns out to be a "big thing" to laugh at —an absurdity, to put it mild. As a case at hand, I would mention the New City Hall in San Francisco. Here is an awkward pile of red bricks, with a huge tower somewhere, the whole caravansary having somewhat the appearance of those gigantic breweries to be found in the great cities of the Northwest. This unsightly thing will cost, when completed, several millions, I was told by a patriotic San Franciscan, who put on a broad smile by way of emphasis, "and," added he, twinkling the eye, "by G—, you have nothing like it back East." The fellow was right—there is nothing like it East. I am, however, compelled to say that there are hundreds of public buildings in the great Eastern cities that are certainly worse in point of architecture than the New City Hall of San Francisco, although every brick and every nail used in their construction may have cost a dollar.

To sum up in a few words, the San Francisco architecture belongs to the incongruous American style. It is perhaps inferior to that of the most pretentious Atlantic cities in point of solidity, but it takes the lead, strange as it may seem, in beauty of ensemble and pleasing, even if rather excessive, decorations. There is evidently more imagination, more originality of conception west of the Sierras than on the Atlantic coast. I am not speaking here of the Sand Lot architecture, and it should be borne in mind that the New City Hall throws its awkward shadow on Kearney's rostrum, which is in its immediate rear.

IV.

MISCELLANEOUS BOASTINGS.

The modern Athenian and the man of Rome boast of their ruins, their ancient lores, and of their history; the most famous in heathen European civilization. Here the dust that rises about you is historic dust. Tread the ground softly, for you might crush the bones of a Socrates or of a Regulus. Western Europe has given birth to all that is great, ennobling and ethical in a Christian civilization which borrowed its refinement, poesy and arts from the dead people who dwelt by the Piræus and in ancient Rome; and it is with pride that Europeans proclaim this fact.

This nation is of a too recent origin to boast of things antique—of museums of arts, with an Apollo here and a Dying Gladiator there, with Venuses and Madonas, and priceless paintings with a fame that encircles the globe. In short, here the arts are in their infancy as yet; but there are many indications promising a healthful growth, a future full of brilliant achievements. In the mean time the people boast of what they have got, and often of what they have not got. They point at the map and say: Look at our country. What think you of its size? Within its boundaries you could put almost the whole of Europe. It is fifteen times larger than France, and sixty times the size of England. See what a parallelogram, here right in the temperate zone, reaching three thousand miles from ocean to ocean, with an average breadth of one thousand miles. It is the cream of the continent; whatever is left of North America is sour milk. We have the fat of the lamb, or, in other words, what is worth having of the New World. It is nowhere too hot or too cold. We have the climate of Italy and its orange groves and olive trees; the skies of France and its vine-clad hills; the foggy atmosphere and rocky cliffs of England, and its coal mines. We have the gloomy horizon of Russia and Germany, and the wheat fields of the former and the beer of the latter. We have the snows of Norway and the glaciers of Mont Blanc, and our mountains, lakes and rivers would laugh, if they could, at the insignificance of the Pyrenees, the Comos, the Rhines, the Thames, and the Seines of Europe. And we thrive well, as the records show. We are a brand new nation, only a fraction over five scores of years, and this year's (1880) census gives us about fifty millions of inhabitants, and more miles of railways than can be found in the whole of Europe. The products of our countless factories, our meat and grain find their way to the leading seaports of the Old World, and behold foreign gold flowing to this country in millions. We are respected if not feared abroad, and our power is such on the western side of the Atlantic that our breath shakes the new continent from sea to sea, and awes its nations into fear. Talk of Germany, England or France making war upon us. Well, we would blow them to atoms before they could reach our shores. Our arm is mighty and its blows crush where they fall, do not let the world forget this.

These are the national boasts; but there are also sectional boasts.

New York stretches its three million legs, yawns and wonders why, in the name of sense, people will persist in living all their life long in "provincial towns," such as Philadelphia, Boston or Chicago? Why don't they come here and settle about Central Park? This is the only place for a civilized man to take an airing. Central Park! Well, my dear fellow, don't you know that it is the largest, the most magnificent, the most artistically laid out pleasure-ground in the world. As everybody admits, it is a marvel of landscape architecture. There are to be found here, at all times, specimens of the whole animal and vegetable world; from the baby in arms to full grown fashionable and unfashionable men and women; from the microscopic insect to the elephant; from the thin blade of grass that trembles in the beautiful meadow to the proud oak towering above its leafy neighbors. There are also works of arts of all nations; from Ward's Indian Hunter eagerly watching for its prey, to Cleopatra's Needle casting upon you, man of the New

World, the same shadow that it has cast for three thousand years in the land of the Pharaohs. Sir, you must see Central Park if you have not done so already, indeed you must.

Boston puts on her spectacles, sweeps the horizon near and far, and chuckles in the thought that none but she has grown dyspeptic and yellow over the worn out leaves of a Greek lexicon.

Chicago wants to know whether you have seen the water works, "the finest in the world, sir."

St. Louis "is not so fast as Chicago, but it is surer." It is "not mortgaged to the ears, you know." It "owns its buildings," and then it "has fifty thousand more inhabitants than the Garden city," even if the national census of 1880 tells another story. "St. Louis is the city of the future, sir, there can be no doubt."

Louisville, charming and gallant city, sings the beauty and grace of her women.

Cincinnati resorts to the most ingenious arguments to impress you with the fact that if she deals in pork and lager she also meddles with music.

Lastly, the San Franciscan, who is courteous and hospitable, a man of the world and a *bon vivant*, invites you to dinner at one of the leading restaurants of his beloved city, and informs you, before you have reached the second course, that San Francisco restaurants "beat the world;" that California is "the garden of America," and that its "glorious climate is the finest on God's earth."

V.

THEY DON'T BEAT THE WORLD, BUT COME VERY NEAR IT.

THAT the products of the *cuisine* of the best class of restaurants in the metropolis of the Pacific are more palatable than those of similar establishments the world over, and especially in the great centre of culinary art, Paris, I am not prepared to admit. When the comparison is limited to American, German and English towns, excepting New York, Vienna and London, San Francisco is indeed the chief. It is "way up," far ahead, and there is no ground for controversy. Here the people are of a nomadic turn of mind—Bohemian life has a peculiar fascination. They live in restaurants, and good restaurants, and they must have them in great numbers. The result is that one or more *cafés* are to be found in every block in the business quarters. They are excellent *cafés* and extremely moderate in their charges, and why not? Excellence and cheapness are the natural results of an active and intelligent competition, especially in a country famous for the great abundance and variety of its vegetables, fruits and meats which can be bought on any day in the year at less cost than at the East.

There are restaurants for all tastes and within the reach of all purses; from the one "bit" (10 cts.) house on the cellar and ground floors, carpeted with sawdust and lighted with oil lamps, to the four floors of parlors with gorgeous tapestries, beautiful decorations, mysterious alcoves, French glasses, and dazzling chandeliers ablaze with lights far into the night. Here one lives to eat, that is, to enjoy. From the first glance at the *menu*; from the soup, through eight courses, to the *café noir*, cognac, kirsch, nuts and *fromage brie*, embracing an interval of more than two hours, the palate is kept in a continual state of delight. A sensation unknown to the man who takes twenty minutes at the most to swallow several pounds of pork and beans, corned beef and cabbage, two or three other kinds of meats saturated with grease, mashed potatoes, hot pies, hot cakes, and ice cream, duly sprinkled with four or more glasses of ice water. No wonder that the poor man is dyspeptic, despondent, morbid, sour, sleepless, yellow all over, a burden to his family and himself, until, finally, twenty or thirty years before natural dissolution should take place, his sickly soul leaves his diseased body for parts unknown.

The service at these restaurants of the first water is as commendable as the cuisine. The *garçons* are polite, well versed in their *métier*, and fully deserving of the frequent "tippings" they receive. The patrons of these establishments belong to the better class of people in the community. Young and old married people who occupy rooms in hotels or private dwellings in some fashionable quarter of the town, as well as bachelors and tourists from the world over come here to breakfast, to dine and to sup.

The crowd that gathers in the one "bit" restaurants, although of quite a different type, is none the less interesting to the traveller. It is a heterogeneous and picturesque crowd. It represents all shades of skin known, all the nationalities comprised between the two poles, and all the professions and trades. All the virtues and vices, ambition, hope, despair, hatred, jealousy are manifest in the faces of the *habitués*. There are well dressed men with thin faces and anxious looks, and men with threadbare coats—buttoned up to the chin over shirtless bodies—worn out shoes and black silk hats that look as though they had been fired out of a cannon. They are graduates of Eastern colleges, young men of "good families," who came here with the expectation of taking San Francisco by storm, to gamble themselves millionaires in a week. They, however, fell into the wrong mill on Pine Street, and now, behold! this is all that remains.

There are men with perspiring brows, strong, honest men covered with the noble dust of labor, and men with shabby beards, long uncombed hair, wearing sombreros, long top-boots and blue flannel shirts. Then again there are other men in high hats, broadcloth, white (by courtesy) cravats, and shirt bosoms bespattered with tobacco juice. They are called judge, captain, colonel, general, as the case may be; but all of them are ward politicians just then out of pocket.

There are neatly attired seamstresses, middle aged women with premature wrinkles, telling tales of sorrows and disappointments, and women with soiled dresses and soiled souls. These people of various tongues, characteristics and callings crowd around the little tables of the one "bit" eating houses, three times a day, emerging one by one when they have completed their meals, smiling and apparently pleased. They have been served with a large plateful of wholesome soup, a roll or a piece of pie with cheese, and drank a cup of *café au lait,*—all for ten cents.

Higher in the gastronomic scale than the one bit house, and especially deserving of mention, are the two bit and four bit (25 and 50 cts.) restaurants. At the two bit place one gets a dinner of three courses, —soup, entrées and roasts, and a glass of wine. The four bit establishment gives, at the "regular dinner," five courses and a small bottle of *vin ordinaire*. A most excellent *diner à la carte*, a dinner that would cost one dollar and fifty cents in New York can be had at the best of these *cafés*, for six bits, or seventy-five cents. The service is all that a reasonable man could wish. The waiters, however, have a disagreeable practice of calling out their orders in so loud a voice that it makes the dishes rattle. It is a first rate exhibition of lung power, a continuous running up and down all the keys with variations. It is indeed annoying, to say the least.

The majority of such restaurants, or the best of them, are to be found down town, in the cross streets below Dupont, from California Street to one or two blocks beyond Clay, and in this latter street especially.

A good digestion is indispensable to keep the mental faculties in perfect gear. Napoleon was twice defeated on the battle field, because, it is said, of ill digested meals. The greatest literary light of the eighteenth century, the philosopher of Ferney, asserts that the fate of nations often depends on the manner in which dinners have been prepared and served to some of their most potent rulers. Cooking is a science, moreover it is an art. He who prepares a good dinner is a scientist, an artist; and the man who orders it and takes the time needed for its consumption is a diplomatist, a man of good manners, amiable, always at ease, never fretting, sought in good society, and a standard in all things pertaining to the world of ethics.

Puritan New England has succeeded, more or less, in saddling her social stiffness and bad cuisine on most of the States. An exception must however be made in favor of the Southern States and California, which speaks well for the South and the Golden State. In short, I congratulate the mercurial San Franciscan on his knowledge of gastronomy, or, in other words, on his knowing so well what, how, when and how long to eat.

VI.

A CLIMATE THAT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN MADE TO ORDER.

It is, however, of their "glorious climate" that Californians are especially fond of boasting. The first question asked one anywhere in the State is: "How do you like our climate?" and one is expected to answer that "it is the finest climate on the face of the earth." The Californian will stand any amount of chaffing, for he is good-natured; but he will allow no one to "run down" his climate. This is a sacred topic, and it should be spoken of with due reverence. Yea dwellers in the countries of snows, of frozen lakes and rivers, should you ever be tempted to seek the warm sun of the Golden State, venture not to grumble aloud if the atmosphere happens to be chilly at times in January and foggy in July, for you may render yourself liable to have a "head put on you."

The truth is that nowhere in the world such a climate as that of California can be found. Here the usual divisions of time are not to be looked for. Summers and winters there are none; it is always May or June, so far as the temperature is concerned, at least, for it never varies more than ten degrees the year round. It is never too cold nor too warm, and the evenings are just cool enough to drive wakefulness away, giving the lucky mortals down there nine hours of undisturbed, refreshing sleep every night in the year. The shopkeeper closes his doors only at night in January as well as in July; and the coal dealer thrives mostly on the demands of the cooking-stoves. In the streets of Oakland I have frequently seen men in shirt sleeves taking a sun bath in mid-winter. At the same season, when ice is two feet thick on the Hudson, and the thermometer falls thirty degrees below zero in Milwaukee, little barefooted children, having barely clothes enough to disguise nudity, may be seen running about the streets of Los Angeles, beneath the green foliage of orange trees laden with fruits.

Oakland, although only seven or eight miles from San Francisco, is more fortunate in its climate than the latter city, owing to its position sheltered by the coast range of mountains from the trade winds that sweep the streets of the metropolis, especially in the early part of the rainy season. It is at this time of the year that San Francisco most frequently loses its ballast. The atmosphere becomes either laden with a dense mist or disturbed by a strong, raw wind that makes things rather lively for the pedestrian who goes about hugging the lamp posts or running races with his hat. The people of the Golden Gate City can avoid these atmospheric disturbances and the annoyances they bring, by taking the ferry-boat and crossing over to Oakland. Here one will find things normal. The sun shines, there is a pleasant breeze and the air is fogless. The transition is wonderful. It reminds one of the shifting of sceneries in a spectacular drama, when summer is often made to succeed winter in the twinkling of an eye.

I said that it was always May or June in California. The rainy season, from November to May, can be called the May season; the other seven months can be said to represent June. The temperature of this latter period is very much like that of June, in the Middle States, minus the thunder storms which occasionally occur here at this time. From May until November no rain is to be seen. Fog gathers sometimes, especially in July, about the coast; but twenty-five out of every thirty days during the dry season the atmosphere is clear and pure. The carpet of a rich and mellow green with which the rainy season has clad the mountains, hills and valleys, fades gradually away, taking on, finally, the color of a dead corn leaf. The grass shrinks and withers, seemingly, like the condemned man of the Scripture, imploring heaven for a few drops of water, a few drops of evening dew; but there are no clouds above and no dew worth mentioning. Nature seems dead. But it is only sleeping; it has given men the wherewithal to sustain life for the current year, and moreover to fill their pockets with gold. It is now taking a needed rest, awaiting the grand awakening that will cause it to bloom forth anew. This awakening comes in the shape of enormous clouds gathering early in November about the crest of the coast range, and then bursting in torrents of water that is quickly absorbed by the thirsting earth.

The great event has at last come. The rainy season has been ushered in, and the newspapers devote a column or two in informing their readers, who already know, that it has been raining. The event is talked of from one end of the State to the other. It is the one absorbing topic for the next forty-eight hours; and from this time until May the fall of the rain is watched and recorded with as much eagerness and care as the fluctuation of stocks in Wall Street. There must fall so many inches to insure a good crop, say ten to fifteen. A little less or much more might ruin a thousand fortunes, fill the poor-houses with paupers, the jails with criminals, the lunatic asylums with disappointed speculators and the graveyards with suicides. In short, it would clean out the lighter pockets and depress the industries of the State. A "bad year," however, is not a frequent occurrence, and a following "good year" enables the loosers to more than recover their ground, provided they can hold the fort until harvest time.

California during the period of rains is by no means an unpleasant place to live in, as it is generally believed in the East. It should be borne in mind that it does not rain continuously every day, from morning until night and from night till morning; but only every two, three or six days, and generally during the night. There are times, however, when the rain continues falling for several days. The cataracts of heaven are then let loose in good earnest. A deep, heavy, measureless sheet of water is, without respite, dashed to the earth, turning streets into rivers and fields into lakes; and forcibly recalling to mind the days when a great cataclysm overwhelmed our ancestors, compelling them to seek safety in an ark the only seaworthy vessel at the time. Indeed, one begins to doubt whether the sun will ever dissipate the ink-like clouds that have turned days into nights for a week or more. But how clear, how beautiful are the heavens for several days following such a miniature deluge! The rain has carried away all the impurities from the air and watered the earth that now exhibits with, seeming pride, its growing verdure in the warm light of the sun, while a thousand birds fly and sing about the leafy arms of the trees, gently swayed to and fro by a stiff breeze from the sea. An exhilarating atmosphere stimulates the circulation of the blood; the heart throbs with more regularity and force, the nerves are strengthened; and the mind is made brighter.

The nights that follow such days, if they can be called nights, are indescribable. At full moon they are almost as light as day. They are truly splendid these moonlight nights, and how strangely weird also. It is midnight, yet look at that landscape, all its details come out in bold reliefs as though they were lighted by electric lamps. I have seen the moon hung in the poetic sky of Sorrento and over the land of the Ptolemies; I have watched its magic effects upon the crumbling walls of the Coliseum; but nowhere has this mysterious planet appeared to me so overwhelmingly magnificent as in California, when slowly ascending a heaven that was as pure as the eye of a child. Indeed, California can truthfully boast of its climate.

VII.

SOME THINGS THAT TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES, CAPITALISTS AND ALL PATRIOTIC AMERICANS SHOULD LOOK INTO.

Everyone, every American at least, has heard of the marvellous agricultural resources of California. Here all things grow in abundance and larger than elsewhere. You are shown pumpkins weighing two hundred pounds, cabbages two feet in diameter, six pounder potatoes, and peaches, pears and oranges in proportion. But I beg leave to refer the reader who would wish to obtain an accurate knowledge of California's agricultural productions, to encyclopædias or other books dealing with statistics, dry facts and commonplace things generally. I cannot, however, refrain from giving a passing notice to the vine culture in that State. My motive is not of a selfish nature although I am a Frenchman, and especially so when the question as to what should be drank, and how much, when and where it is best to drink comes in as the prominent topic in a friendly talk.

It is a puzzle to me why so little attention should have been paid to the culture of the vine in America; even after it had been practically demonstrated that it could be grown here as well as in France or other vine growing countries, and that it would pay well in ready cash. It is well to look at the financial side, but the moral side should not be overlooked, and in the case at hand it is an especially bright side, or it should appear so, at least, to intelligent, unprejudiced advocates of temperance.

I take the ground that the most effective way to promote temperate habits among a people addicted to the use of powerful intoxicants, is to introduce a mild and wholesome wine that helps digestion, strengthens the constitution, does not inebriate, and creates none of that craving for "something strong to warm up" that a too copious and frequent indulgence in whisky and the like must eventually produce. I am not divulging a secret in saying that Americans are rather partial to the fiery cup, heedless of the mental and physical sufferings and all manners of miseries which it brings. It should, however, be said in justice to the dwellers of the New World, that they are no more intemperate than the people who live in the northern zone where the luscious grape is unknown and the wine cup is a luxury that the rich only can afford. In such countries the masses are left with no alternative but to seize upon what they can get for their money; for men will drink, they need stimulants to recuperate their lost energy in this age of almost painful mental and physical activity. This fact cannot be disputed, it is irrefutable. Temperance lectures and appeals from the pulpit, however earnest and eloquent they may be, will ever fail to check the flowing bowl. The pledge, bah! it is a farce. During the temperance revival that swept over the country, a few years ago, I personally knew scores of men who signed the pledge, and none of those whose welfare depended on total abstinence from strong drinks ever kept it. The signers who "held the fort" had always been water drinkers, which fact goes to show that the fortress was in no imminent danger of being captured. It is a noble crusade that against intemperance, and all earnest men and women engaged in it are worthy encouragement and respect; but they must act rationally, that is, they should possess themselves of the proper weapons to insure victory. No permanent success can be obtained in trusting to the enthusiasm of the moment. Entreaties, prayers, promises, threats, effect but a temporary good. When the excitement incident to a revival is over the relapse comes and orgies succeed orgies. The wine cup, in my opinion, will eventually win the battle of temperance, if it can be made to drive the whisky jug from the market.

The most intemperate nations—such as England, for instance—are not wine-drinking nations. The French, who are conceded to be the most temperate people in Europe, consume an average of 1,300,000,000 gallons of wine annually, or thirty-four gallons *per capita.* French statistics show most conclusively that intemperance is unknown in departments that yield the most wine, and that it is most marked in localities where the crops fail to meet the demands of the consumers, the people being compelled, in this case, to resort to distilled liquors.

A stranger can live a year in Paris, a city of two million inhabitants, travel about every day and not meet with a drunken Frenchman. It is not so in London, where one sees intoxicated men and women at every turn. The same thing may be said of New York, Chicago and other cities east of the Rocky Mountains. There is, however, on the Pacific coast a very perceptible improvement for the better. I have seen less intoxication in California than in any other State in the Union, making no exception in favor of Maine, where prohibitory laws are enforced. And the Golden State consumes three million gallons of wine, which is about one-sixth of the whole amount consumed in the United States with a population fifty times greater. The grapes did much towards making the French what they are; the most prosperous and most thoroughly contented people in Europe; a people with clear heads and sound digestion. In short, the Frenchman manages to keep sober, healthy and well on forty gallons of wine a year, and his republican brother, under the Stars and Stripes, gets tipsy, dyspeptic and sour-tempered on one-third of a gallon; for such is the annual amount consumed in the States *per capita.* The reasons for this contrast are obvious. The French drink their wine at meals, and Americans swallow their whisky by the pint in bar-rooms. One is an article of diet, the other.... well—is a passport to the jails and burying grounds.

The American people will not likely be led into wine drinking through the importation from France of the much coveted beverage. That country exported an annual average of only 70,000,000 gallons of wine during the last two decades, three millions of which came to the United States. Excellent reason, then, why Americans should interest themselves in the culture of the vine in their own country. They need not look a long time for appropriate soil. California is already the land of wines as well as that of gold and of wheat. It is to the Golden State that this country must look for her wines, for wines that are light, pure and unadulterated, more wholesome and cheaper than the cargo wine shipped to American ports from France. The French, it should be borne in mind, can afford to send but a very small quantity of their best wines abroad, for the simple reason that they have hardly more than enough for their own consumption. Americans should manufacture their own wines and stimulate their consumption. It is, however, rational to assume that consumers would increase in proportion to the production.

I am of the opinion that, in case the vinicultural interests of California were backed by the requisite amount of capital, not less than two hundred million gallons of wine could be manufactured annually after the expiration of the coming fifteen years ; and that half a century hence the yield would perhaps equal that of France. As it is now it falls short of five million gallons

"The latest official sources," writes M. Arpad Harasztky, President of the California State Vinicultural Society, "put the number of vines now (1879) in the State at forty-five millions, or about 60,000 acres. These are owned by over four thousand proprietors, and it is computed that ten thousand people in the State, and all of them adults and voters, earn their livelihood and support their families through this one pursuit. The capital invested in vines, lands, animals, tools, appliances, casks, dwellings, cellars and their contents, amount to thirty million dollars. When our present vineyards are in full bearing, which will be in three years hence, our possible production could reach twenty million gallons of wine, not allowing for grapes locally consumed or made into raisins and brandy.

"There are over thirty million acres of land suitable for the cultivation of the vine in our State. It is often asked by travellers to what use we will put our millions of acres of hillside land, covered with sage-brush and chapparal, with hardly a blade of grass here and there? They will all be planted with vines, capable of producing an abundance of the very best wines. A number of our vineyards are situated in just such soil, and the planting of the vine in our State will never interfere with or diminish the average of wheat growing lands. It will only take up land that would otherwise prove valueless even for pasturage. And this more than any other reason should recommend this pursuit to the fostering care of the United States government."

If 60,000 acres can yield 20,000,000 gallons of wine, how much will 30,000,000 acres yield? I give it up. The prodigious total would make my head swim. Let us suppose, however, that six million acres, which is about the area now under vine culture in France, could be planted with vines within the next fifty years, and granting that the average yield per acre would equal that of France, the production of California wine would reach 2,000,000,000 gallons in 1930 (in 1875 the crop in France amounted to 2,190,000,000 gallons). This yield, however enormous, would hardly meet the demands of consumers in the States; for at the present rate of increase the population could not fall short of 100,000,000 at the date above mentioned. These wines could be sold at thirty cents per gallon (the average price of *vin ordinaire* or cargo wine in France) in California, and retailed by city and country dealers throughout the States at fifty cents per gallon, or ten cents per bottle, which is ten times less than the sum for which a bottle of the same brand of wine can now be bought from retailers east of the Rocky Mountains. I dare say that the workingman would rather buy a bottle of wholesome wine for ten or fifteen cents than a glass of whisky for the same amount of money; and that when he has begun the use of wine at the family table he would drink wine only, and cease his daily visit to the corner grogshop. In a word, this wine question deserves the immediate attention of capitalists, political economists, temperance reformers, of the pulpit, the press and of every American who wishes to advance the material and moral growth of his country.

VIII.

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD IN TWO HOURS.

THE traveller who has taken a two hours' stroll down town in San Francisco can boast of a trip around the world. He will have seen the representatives of all the nations and tribes comprised between Tokio and Lisbon in the Old World, and between the extremities of the Western Hemisphere. The "men from the East," or the representatives of all the States east of the Rocky Mountains, are at the top of the heap. Then come the fiery but ever faithful Celts, the phlegmatic Germans and Scandinavians, the proud and sentimental Spaniards, the poetic Italians and mercurial Frenchmen ; the over patriotic Englishmen, the cunning compatriots of ancient Solomon the wise, and the half-breeds or "greasers." The progressive Japanese, the Russians, the Swiss.

the Belgians, the Greeks and the natives of Malaysia Islands can be found scattered here and there, like leaves of various kinds torn from their stems by tempests and carried into distant fields. The monosyllabic world is also represented. San Francisco has within its limits a miniature city of Pekin. Yonder the Dragon Banner floats, and thirty thousand queues wriggle on thirty thousand Chinese backs.

San Franciscans proper, that is, the people of Anglo-Teutonic, Italic or Celtic stock who are either born on the Coast or have been for a long time residents there, are perhaps the most clever of Americans, and as little understood by Eastern people as are these latter by Europeans who have never crossed the frontiers of their respective country. They are of an original turn of mind, yet not eccentric. The character is Anglo-Latin. The dash is purely American and so is the extravagance. They indulge in occasional "splurges," in other words, they like to "make a show," to shine as it were, even if bankruptcy is at the door; a foible that, I believe, a goodly number of

Eastern people of fashion would hardly venture to criticise. They are generous to a fault and their hospitality knows no bounds. True to their American principles, the mighty dollar is uppermost in their minds ; but if they love money they are not its slaves; they know well, perhaps too well, how to spend it, trusting that the to-morrow will bring in fresh supplies, which it generally does. The manners are of the "go as you please" type, which may be called the national type. They, however, differ in some things with Eastern people: for instance, a man out there never sits down with his feet on a level with his nose. Faithful to the Union and proud of its greatness, they however seem to care little or nothing for what is being done "back East," except on questions that may affect their pecuniary or political interests. The Eastern emigrant is received very much as a new-comer from Ireland or Germany. They are fond of celebrities, whether national or foreign, and they give them a hearty, enthusiastic welcome. When it was announced that the City of Tokio, bearing General Grant homeward, was nearing the Golden Gate, the whole city was thrown into a frenzy of excitement; enthusiasm became extreme and every nerve was strung to its utmost tension. It was a never-to-be-forgotten reception that the hero of twenty battles received in the metropolis of the Pacific.

San Franciscans are beginning to have aristocratic notions, which is as natural as it is for the sun to rise in the east. They hint at pedigree, "old stock," and talk exclusiveness. They have literary and artistic ambition, which is most commendable, and call their charming suburb Oakland, or rather Oakland calls itself, "Athens," which is foolish. They are able politicians and their forensic skill is not to be questioned. They are upright and courteous in their dealings with strangers; but stock gambling and politics have made them restless, irritable, suspicious. The temper is high, and it rises often to the burning point, when the pistol is liable to be called into requisition. The men have a magnificent physique, indicative of great strength. And the women—ah! young men of the East in search of a "maiden fair," go west of the Sierras and behold the fairest daughters in the land. Although a child of the sun, she is of the blonde type. The eye, which is large and well opened, flashes like newly broken steel under the sun's rays. The well filled and rosy face beams with intelligence. The mouth is well curved, coquettish, and of a rich carmine. The head, showing a luxuriant growth of golden hair, is well set on beautifully rounded shoulders. The stature is erect and the outlines are well moulded, firm and graceful. The hand is small and the pedal extremities would shame the slipper of Cinderella. She loves ease and luxury and is as nonchalant as a creole or a Kentucky belle. As a flirt she is not a success. Whenever she attempts to imitate her artful, cold-blooded Eastern sister in the art of flirting she generally ends by falling in love, with an elopement or a suicide. Flirting may be a harmless pastime in the cold climate of the North-west and on the Atlantic seaboard where the blood is kept, for six months in the year, just above freezing point, but it will not do in a semi-tropical country. Here passions are stronger and the heart is more susceptible of love. Southern women, such as Spanish and Italian women, are not addicted to flirtation. They love or do not love; the lips never belie the heart, and San Francisco or California women are equally truthful.

IX.

A PICTURE THAT WOULD NOT BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A PISTOL IN THE FOREGROUND.

IN speaking of San Franciscans I mentioned the pistol as the favorite weapon used in the settlement of their quarrels. Now I wish the sketch could have been completed with the pistol left out; but without this important accessory the picture would have been incomplete and the subject of the sketch himself could not have recognized it. Yes, the murderous weapon must be brought in; and to the everlasting shame of one of the most enlightened, prosperous and original people on this vast continent. It is not the desperado, the ex-convict, the thug, the thief and the shoulder-striker who do the most shooting. No, not by any means. They are men and even women of social position; leaders of public opinion, preachers of the Gospel, students, clerks, and even boys.

An eloquent and popular preacher, to vary the monotony of Gospel teachings, calls an editor bad names, and the editor, under cover of a coupé, shoots the preacher in the back; and he is himself afterwards shot dead by another preacher. A German tobacconist ventures to tell a young student at law that he is a son of a — gun; and the disciple of Blackstone sends the cigar man across the Styx with a pistol shot. A young woman finding that her Adonis had another girl, manages to send a ball through his brain. A clerk kills a prominent citizen, his wife's supposed lover. Poor imbecile, he ought to have known that a faithless wife was not worth the powder expended in shooting her partner in crime, at the risk of his own neck. Another clerk on the Oakland ferry-boat draws his revolver on an old man who had the misfortune to tread on his corns; he is however prevented from doing any harm by the writer, upon whom he then insists on trying his skill at short range; but unsuccessfully. These murders and attempts at murder, with many others for similar trifling offenses, occurred within a year.

He who shoots and kills a defenseless man is a miserable wretch, a brigand, a coward and a villain; and by the eternal justice he should be strangled on the gallows in a public square, or sent to die in solitary confinement, haunted day and night in his tomb-like cell by the ghastly vision of his victim.

It is not, however, likely that such punishment will often be inflicted on the California murderer, especially if he wears kid gloves and has a respectable bank account. Two or three years in San Quentin will satisfy the courts if not the people. The courts have been told this same thing before; but as no perceptible change seems to have taken place in their administration of justice; it may not be inopportune to remind them that a further continuance of their disgraceful doings is liable to bring upon the Golden State the contempt of the civilized world.

The *San Francisco Morning Call* should be congratulated for speaking boldly and truthfully against these judicial infamies. It says:

"If there is one element of civilization in which we are preeminently deficient, it is in the administration of justice. The law has not compelled the vicious and turbulent classes to respect the lives, reputation or property of law-abiding citizens. We have been tolerably prompt in punishing petty larceny, but we permit much more dangerous men than petty thieves to play the part of assassin of life or character with comparative impunity. The machinery of the law is constantly being worked before our eyes to shield criminals who have money or influence. The community maintain courts, including sheriffs, prosecuting attorneys and judges, to the end that a citizen who is wronged may have redress without cost to himself. But the courts, as a rule, have not served the purpose for which they were created. Instead of being a terror to evil-doers, they have been too often their shield and protection. Sometimes judges have worked the law to protect wealthy criminals, and sometimes prosecuting attorneys have stood in the way of successful prosecution. Again, the sheriff's office has been used to manipulate juries in the interest of influential offenders. The result is, that men have little or no confidence in the action of the courts.

"We have seen men deliberately plan assassination, and as deliberately plan their methods of escape through the courts. The impression is very general that a criminal who has money to spend can fight his way through the courts without incurring any other penalty than loss of money. The very men whom people employ to see that justice is done, often join with the influential offenders to defeat the ends of justice. This improper use of money, and the lack of official energy, or from some other causes, necessitates the use of money on the other side. The individual who has been assailed in life or character finds that he cannot get justice without trying it and paying for it. If the man who has assailed him has the heavier purse, or the more influential position, the chances are that he will go free."

The *Evening Bulletin* of the same place, a journal by no means given to sensational writing, asserts that "hardly more than seven per cent. of all the murders committed in this State (California) are ever followed by adequate punishment." The New Constitution, it is claimed, has created a judicial system which will greatly strengthen the administration of justice. It is earnestly hoped that it will, and that ere long assassins, whether in broadcloth or in rags, will one and all walk from the tribunal of justice to the gallows.

The reader should not be led to infer from the above that San Francisco is a lawless, disorderly town. It would be a very erroneous inference indeed. A more orderly community, in most respects, cannot be found between the two oceans. Moneyed criminals often go unpunished it is sadly true; but what of the judicial records of New York, of Chicago, of Cincinnati!

San Francisco has been and is now often misrepresented, nay, vilified by Associated Press dispatches. A mass meeting of the workingmen party takes place at the Sand Lot. Something like the following is immediately wired eastward: "At the meeting of the Sand Lot.ers to-day inflammatory speeches were made by Kalloch and Kearney. Threats of burning the city were heard among the drunken crowd. There are talks of organizing Vigilance Committees. Great excitement prevails." Now the truth is, that there had been no inflammatory speeches made, no incendiary threats, no talk of Vigilance Committees; and all was quiet in the city.

X.

I BUY A PISTOL AND MEET A MAN WHO GUESSED HE WOULDN'T ARREST ME.

I REACHED San Francisco two days after the shooting of Mayor Kalloch seriously thinking my life in danger, having read in the papers at Ogden that the city was in the hands of the Sand Lotters, who were burning and killing right and left. I therefore proceeded at once to a gunsmith, invested in a powerful six-shooter, and held on to it all the way to my hotel, momentarily expecting an attack from behind or on either my right or left wing. I reached my room unmolested, laid my pistol on a table within easy reach, cocked and ready for the fray, and waited for the Sand Lotter. He did not come. I ventured out to see what damage had been done to the buildings and watch the efforts of the firemen to check the devouring flames. Seeing no smoke anywhere, I asked of a man what part of the town was burning.

"Burning," he replied, "I didn't know that anything was burning at all."

The flames must have been fought down, I thought as I moved on, bent upon finding how many had been killed and wounded by the furious mob. A gentleman was standing in the door of a store on Kearny Street near Market, evidently eyeing the pretty blondes who daily throng that part of the thoroughfare. He looked like the right kind of a man to go to with a question.

"Will you be good enough to tell me the name of this street, sir?" said I.

"This is Kearny street, sir. A stranger here?"

"Yes, sir."

"A foreigner I see by your accent. Been long from Germany?"

"I am not a German."

"I thought you didn't look like a Dutchman, but we Americans think that all foreigners are Dutchmen, see?—Kalloch is out of danger I am told."

"I am glad to hear it. By the way, has it been ascertained how many had been killed?"

"Killed! who? By whom? When? Another railroad accident? Have not heard of it. Just got the news?"

"No, I mean the people who were murdered during the riot."

"A riot! Has there been a riot?"

"The gentleman evidently does not live here."

"Was born in this city, and have lived here ever since."

"And you have not heard of the riot?"

"Of course I haven't, because there hasn't been any, and nobody was killed that I know of. Kalloch was shot and wounded. A personal quarrel, that is all."

Here the man laughed in my face and left.

The fellow is evidently a joker, I muttered, and forthwith made my way up Market Street to the Sand Lot, where I had been told the workingmen were assembling en masse, preparatory to making an assault on the jail to get possession of Mr. Charles De Young who had shot their candidate for mayor, and hang him to one or more lamp posts until death ensued. I came upon a vast multitude of human beings, closely packed in an open square adjacent to the New City Hall.

There must have been ten thousand of them. Men in shirt sleeves and men in broadcloth. Some wore sombreros, others were bare-headed and barefoot. Various nationalities were represented, the Irish predominating. Their faces exhibited signs of suppressed anger. Here and there a man flourished his clinched fists and swore. Otherwise perfect order prevailed in that immense throng. All eyes were directed on a man who spoke from a covered platform made of rough boards. This man was short, thick-set. He had a bull-like neck and broad shoulders. His uncovered head showed a thick crop of short black hair, and a low forehead. Beneath a frowning brow there flashed a pair of cunning eyes, and the facial features betrayed a kind and emotional nature. He spoke in that loud, slow, dragging tone of voice so often heard on the stumps, from Maine to California, during a political campaign; and if his language at times savored of the bar-room, he nevertheless held his audience to his lips. He called upon his hearers to behave like dignified citizens in that most trying hour in the history of their political party, in order to show the country that they were the protectors rather than the violators of law and order. He said that no good and much harm could be done by losing one's temper, and finally advised the people to disperse quietly to their homes. It was the blood-thirsty demagogue Denis Kearney who gave such advice, and the people who followed his counsel were the dangerous Sand Lotters. I could hardly believe my own eyes; but it was true, there could be no doubt. However, the worst of them all, I thought, might be laying siege to the jail, and thither I went. I saw a Gattling gun, some soldiers and a good-natured crowd laughing at this warlike display.

I had been looking for a city in flames and no one had heard of a fire for six months. Moved by a human desire to help my fellow-creatures, I hastened to the scene of the riot for the purpose of helping rescue the wounded, and save murdered citizens from any further mutilation by the savage mob; and I found a city busily engaged in its pursuits, full of smiles and laughter; and a drowned sailor at the morgue was the only dead man in town.

I went to the Sand Lot, pistol in hand, fully resolved to defend myself against the pick-axe and the spade, and I saw a great crowd of well-behaved men and women with no arms but their tongues, which were used only in uttering words of approval for the remarks of their leader who was preaching peace instead of war. Lastly the assault upon the jail was nothing more than an exhibition of Gattling guns by the city authorities, to amuse the curious.

I thought no more of my six-shooter. Being now convinced that I could go about the streets of San Francisco unmolested, I started homeward in a light and easy gait which was soon accelerated by a strong wind, a furious wind, that greatly disturbed the equilibrium of my coat tail, sending it flying over my head at times. I was in a cheerful state of mind, and indulged in self-congratulations on the happy ending of my Quixotic errantry, when I felt that my hip-pocket was being relieved of something. Turning about like a flash I confronted a policeman with my pistol in his hands.

"Have you a license, sir?" said he.

"A license for what, pray?"

"To carry this weapon."

"No, sir."

"Then follow me."

"Follow you where and why?"

"To the station house."

"But, my dear sir, I am a stranger here. Have just come to the city. How am I to know about your law requiring a license to carry fire-arms."

"There is some sense in this," said the man, who appeared intelligent and good-natured; "but are you a stranger, sure?"

"Here is a letter of introduction for a prominent citizen of this city whom you doubtless know."

"Well, I guess I won't arrest you," he said, after reading the letter; "but you'd better put that pistol away."

The knight of the baton resumed his beat and I wrote what follows in my note-book: A license to carry fire-arms! Nonsense. Men need no revolvers about them in a civilized community, and should not, except in time of war or for the purpose of hunting wild beasts, be permitted to carry such weapons. Six months or a year at hard labor in the penitentiary ought to be inflicted upon any one found with a pistol. This barbarous custom, so prevalent in this country, and which I thought myself compelled to imitate in order to protect my life in San Francisco, should be done away with at once; and I know of no better plan to accomplish that end than the one just suggested.

XI.

LITERATURE, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

So far as the taste, manners, habits and pursuits of its people are concerned, San Francisco is unlike Eastern cities. A fact doubtless due to the prosperous and intelligent foreign element which constitutes a large percentage of its population; and to climatic influences. Yet the predominating characteristics are purely American. Its position, isolated from the great Eastern centres and from Europe, leads the people into new groves of thoughts. In short, the thinking in that far-off metropolis is home-made and productive of most excellent results.

It is to San Francisco that the world should look for *litterateurs* who are essentially American. Who has not heard of Mark Twain? Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller are as widely read by English-speaking people as the great and venerable bard of Cambridge, Longfellow. Ask a French or Italian *literati* whether he knows anything of American literature. He will tell you that he has read Longfellow, and that he is also acquainted with some of the works of Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller. He may have heard of other great American *litterateurs*, but here ends his knowledge. Joaquin Miller is far better known in England than Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Europeans care little for imitations, however clever, of their own authors' works when in search of American literary food. They expect the freshness of youth, enthusiasm, originality of conception and of thought. Hence the popularity abroad of the humorous works of Mark Twain, and of the weird, terse and vigorous literary productions of Bret Harte and Miller. These are what Carlyle would call original and not imitative Americans; and they are representatives of the California school of literature. The literary world has lately welcomed the appearance of a book entitled *Progress and Poverty* (Appleton &

Company). It was criticised at length by American and European reviews and newspapers, and its author, Mr. Henry George, a citizen of San Francisco, was justly given an honorable place amongst leading political economists.

From the contributors of the monthly reviews to the penny-a-liners of the metropolitan press, California abounds with writers of power, brilliant imagination and technical skill. The Bohemians who fill the first page of the *Chronicle's* Sunday edition, and the clever editor of the *Argonaut* would become famous on the Parisian press.

The Golden State is proud of its mines, of its exhaustless agricultural resources, but not more than of its educational institutions, whether public or private. Millions are annually expended for the education of youths who joyfully make the best of their opportunity. There is a State University situated at Berkely, on the slope of the Contra Costa hills, some five miles from Oakland and twelve miles from San Francisco. Here young men and young women get their minds well stocked with knowledge, practical and otherwise, from the science of agriculture to the mysteries of comparative philology. "Our University," writes the former State Superintendent, Mr. Ezra S. Carr, a gentleman of two-score years' experience in educational matters, "has reached the ideal standard of its original projector, with full departments of Law and Medicine, courses of colleges of Agriculture, Mechanics and Engineering, and affiliated colleges of Dentistry and Pharmacy." And all this knowledge is imparted gratis to residents of the State. Students from other States are charged, however, twenty-five dollars as a matriculation fee, and fifty dollars per year for tuition, "payable in advance, twenty-five dollars at the beginning of each half-year."

The State Normal School, located in San José, is an institution deserving of praise. It has an annual appropriation of thirty-three thousand dollars, which is duly expended in providing intellectual food for five or six hundred pupils.

There are also several colleges and seminaries, denominational and secular, such as St. Ignatius

College in San Francisco (Catholic), Santa Clara College, and the University of the Pacific in Santa Clara, the latter a Methodist Episcopal institution ; the College of St. Augustine, at Benicia, under the control of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Northern California, Right Rev. J. H. D. Wingfield ; the Benicia Seminary for young ladies ; Mill's Seminary at Brooklyn, the Vassar of the Pacific coasts ; Madame Zeitska's Institute at San Francisco ; Mrs. Poston's Seminary at Oakland ; the Sacramento Female Seminary, and a hundred more "colleges," "seminaries," preparatory schools and kindergartens of more or less celebrity. San Francisco paid in 1879 nearly nine hundred thousand dollars for the maintenance of its schools, of which there are sixty. Among these the Girls' High School under the management of Mr. John Swett, principal, is most worthy of note.

I was frequently told that political interference with the management of the schools, in San Francisco, tends to lower their standard ; that the sisters, the cousins, the aunts and the friends of school directors are given positions as teachers, which they are not competent to fill. This is a serious reflection on the school board, but I fear it is not altogether undeserved. The competent teachers, however, who are given a back seat or no seat at all in the schools of the Golden Gate City, to make way for the daughter of Jones who worked for the election of director Smith, may console themselves in the thought that they have many a sympathizing companion in their misery. It is the same story throughout the country, wherever teachers are subject to the caprices and prejudices of school directors who seek the office as a stepping-stone to political advancement, and who are generally more competent to sell groceries or beer, or to twist iron, than to judge of the standard of school qualification. This state of things is not likely to improve while educational affairs in great commonwealths are intrusted to unsalaried men elected by the people.

Mr. A. L. Mann, formerly city superintendent of public schools in San Francisco, proposed a new plan for organizing the School Department in that city, which is worthy the careful consideration of thoughtful educators east as well as west of the Rocky Mountains. This is what he says in his school report for 1879:

"My study of the organization of the School Department has convinced me that an entirely new plan of school examination should be adopted, which would place all purely educational matters in the hands of a salaried Board of Overseers. . . . At present there is a mingling of matters that can be and ought to be kept distinct. The same body of men ought not to elect teachers and let contracts for erecting buildings and furnishing supplies. The carpenter-shop is too near the school-house. All matters relating to the building of school-houses or the expenditure of money for any other purpose than the payment of salaries of teachers and janitors should be under the control of the two Boards of Supervisors. As they will be business men of experience and judgment in such things, the building and repairing of school-houses are duties entirely congruous with the other duties assigned to them. But there should be appointed four men of ability and experience in educational affairs to act with the county superintendent in the discharge of all the duties now performed by the superintendent and his deputy, and the committees on classification, credentials, rules and janitors, and the Board of Examiners. . . . The overseers should be appointed for four years (one going out of office every year) by the College of Superior Judges."

The school directors of Oakland have been more careful in their selection of teachers than their brethren of the metropolis across the bay, especially for the primary and grammar grades. The progress made in the various branches taught in these grades exceeds expectation. Pupils are taught good manners as well as arithmetic, geography and history. They are also taught to keep clean, tidy and to be respectful, and these instructions are followed. There is an atmosphere of good breeding pervading the school-room that is not always found in public schools. Although the same thing can be said of a goodly number of schools in San Francisco, San José and Sacramento, the schools of Oakland hold, in my opinion, the front rank in California.

I, however, may be permitted to doubt whether the public schools of the "Athens of the Pacific" would have reached their present high standard had it not been for the wise management of their superintendent, Mr. Fred. M. Campbell (recently elected State Superintendent), a gentleman well skilled in educational matters.

XII.

A PEOPLE WITH AN ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

THE most populous centres throughout the United States abound with institutions called schools or academies of fine arts,—a fact which leads the traveller to infer that America must have her full share of Meissoniers and Beethovens. This first impression is, however, dispelled by a single visit to these art schools, where, in truth, anything but fine arts is taught. There are first-class exceptions to the general rule, but they are few and far between. The San Francisco art schools (so-called *par politesse*) have this advantage over similar institutions in the East: that pupils and masters are enthusiastic, earnest, ambitious to succeed—to distinguish themselves with the brush or in the plastic art. In a word, the people of California have an artistic temperament, without which a nation cannot successfully cultivate the arts, —a fact which would warrant the inference that the Golden State is destined to become the breeding-place of American artists.

Indeed that strange land, with its fields of flowers that seem to never wither away, its orange groves and vine-clad hills and valleys bathed the year round in a most magnificent sunshine, its grand and weird scenery, its cloudless, thunderless skies always so pure and blue, its bracing atmosphere and its moonlight nights filled with mysterious whisperings, calls forth the most sublime inspirations, fills the soul with beautiful imageries and creates a longing for the ideal.

Esthetic culture in its highest forms is not possible under the sombre skies of the northern zone. Here the rigor of the climate compels man to seek warmth and comfort in a house, where, for six months in the year, the ceiling and the four walls of his room take the place of skies, mountains, forests, green fields, majestic rivers, roaring torrents, rippling brooks and all the marvels of a boundless nature. It is not so in the South.

Italy has been the fountain of all arts because Italy lives in the sunshine, with the endless panorama of God's works spread before her watchful and appreciative eyes. In the North the bird has a sombre plumage and it sings not; but in the sunny zone its colors are brilliant, and the woods resound with its wondrous songs. Artists are human birds; they are most famous in lands that are decked with all the charms the hand of the Infinite knows so well how to lavish.

That there is a taste for art culture in California is evident from the fact that large sums of money have been expended for private and public galleries of carefully selected and, in many instances, famous paintings, bearing the names of eminent European and American artists. The Crocker Art Gallery at Sacramento contains nearly one thousand paintings and miniatures, representing the Flemish, Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish and German schools. There are also paintings of unquestionable merit by San Francisco artists.

This gallery is open to the public, and tourists who visit the capital of California are invariably asked to go and see the "great paintings." "Have you been to the Crocker Gallery?" said a hackman to me, "there are mighty nice paintings there, sir." This was the first hackman in America who had talked paintings to me. In a city of the same size of Sacramento (20,000 inhabitants) in the East, the traveller is requested to visit the iron foundry, the Insane asylum or the water-works; "the biggest things in the world."

Californians are also fond of music and bid fair to excel, at no distant day, in this most bewitching of all arts. Every town of any respectable size in that State furnishes its contingent of musical organizations and "prima donnas." In San José, a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, sixty miles south of San Francisco,—the most charming town on the Coast, by the way, a perfect bird's nest, full of sunlight and flowers, a little paradise for invalids and tourists,—I have attended vocal and instrumental concerts by home talent that would have been creditable to Eastern professional artists of more than local reputation.

Histrionic art also is by no means neglected. At the Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco one almost fancies himself at "Wallack's" or the "Union Square." The *mise en scène* and the acting are in many instances commendable. At popular places of amusement, such as the "Tivoli," one is not made to blush by lewd representations and vulgar colloquies. Here popular operas, bouffe and comic, are cleverly put on the stage, sung with *entrain*, and enjoyed by large audiences of well appearing men, women and children. During the progress of the play, as well as between the acts, men smoke, children chat, and everybody drinks claret punch.

XIII.

HOW A MAN GETS IN WITH THE "UPPER CRUST."

THERE are in San Francisco, as in other populous centres in the Union, people who combine [illegible]lture with wealth, refined artistic feeling and delicate intuition with sound sense and technical skill; who understand life, know its limitations and possibilities, and strive to realize their ideal by a critical comparison of all things with a long recognized standard. They seek neither social fame by displays nor power through politics; for they very well know that they are the silent rulers of men. These people, I take it, constitute the standard society in San Francisco as well as in the whole country.

There is, however, another element in the metropolis of the Pacific that plays a leading part in the world of fashion, the *beau monde*, or rather the rich *monde*. The constituent parts of this element have heavier bank accounts than others. They own the biggest houses, and can display the largest and most costly amount of dry goods. Their furniture, of the rarest and most artistic patterns to be found at home or abroad, are richly upholstered; and their rooms are adorned with gorgeous tapestries, French mirrors, and paintings, sculptures and other works of art of more or less merit.

In the most important Eastern cities the "upper crust," as this element is generally called, is unquestionably quite clever. It may be said to have an undisputed right to the title of "leaders" in a society many members of which would have been welcomed in the salon of the French venus Récamier. Careful education, European travel and experience have taught them to draw within their circle men and women of refined social and artistic culture, men and women who rule with the pen over a vast multitude of voluntary subjects; who are at home in the world of thought and in the world of pleasure; who can quote Ferdusi and Milton, Voltaire and Humboldt, enliven a good dinner with a flow of *bons mots*, enjoy the ever fascinating sight of a dashing little fairy clasped in the arms of an Adonis whirling in a waltz; and teach, by their exquisite manners, the *nouveau riche* how to use his tongue, hands and feet.

As the traveller advances westward he finds that the "crust" has a fondness for ostentatious displays; that its notions of social ethics are . . . . . . let us say queer. It is, however, in San Francisco that the "crust" flourishes in all its primitive splendor. The sight is a curious one; it provokes smiles among the knowing and envy among the uninitiated. It shines and glitters like the bogus knight of a travelling circus in the introductory performance in the ring. There is but a step between the skilful rider of the "arena" and a member of the San Francisco "crust." Both can perform the most surprising antics, and both are chiefly noticeable for their gold trimmings. In either case scratch the outward garments and you will find a saloon keeper, a hotel porter or the like.

You are an ignoramus, an adventurer, or possibly a villain. What matters all that? If you have money go to the Golden Gate City. Take an expensive—be careful that it is expensive—suite of rooms at the "Palace;" manage in such a way that the landlord, his clerks and the permanent guests may soon be cognizant of your great wealth. Dress well, regardless of cost, make heavy deposits at some of the leading banks, buy a few thousand dollars worth of stocks, just to become acquainted with the lions of Pine Street whom it would be well for you to dine often. But beware! Keep within a few thousands, or your deposits, stock and all may be swallowed up before you have an opportunity to shine in the salons of the "crust." Show yourself frequently about the fashionable streets, in a gorgeous equipage drawn by blooded horses richly caparisoned,and await the result.

Your wealth has already become the subject of comments among several matrons on the "Hills." Mrs. Shodd, the wife of the millionaire, remarked confidentially to her daughter Sallie, the other day, that you were "worth over a million, they said;" and that you "looked kind o' dashing too;" that they ought to invite you to their next reception.

Sallie thinks it is just the thing to do, and the father being consulted, and duly informed of the amount of your bank notes, sees no objection. An invitation is at once forwarded to you, requesting "the pleasure of your company on Wednesday evening, at 9 o'clock."

The reception is all that money can make it, and nothing more. It is an exhibition of a magnificent home all ablaze with lights. There are young and beautiful women expensively attired, dazzling with diamonds and radiant with smiles. There are young and middle-aged men who seem to have considerable muscle, and awkward matrons with powdered red faces and uncomfortable avoirdupois. The table is bountifully supplied, the wine is old, of the first brand; and the buffooneries witnessed at times are worthy of Falstaff.

However, the influence of this element in the social doings of San Francisco appears to be on the wane; its blazing days are nearing their end. The present "crust" will disappear in the obscurity from which it sprung, and a generation (now growing) of greater esthetic culture will take its place.

XIV.

A GENTLEMAN FROM OREGON SPEAKS AND TELLS THE TRUTH.

It was the morning following my departure from Omaha, by the Union Pacific Railroad, — by the way, a most excellent road — en route for the Golden State. The sun had just left the horizon and its rays swept over the dreary waste of the American steppes. I left my berth for the car platform, where several passengers had already preceded me, apparently taking, like myself, their first look at the great plains.

We had reached an altitude of some six thousand feet above the sea level. Although in mid-July, the air was so keen and chilly, at this early hour of the day, that overcoats were called into requisition. The sight that met the eyes on all sides was by no means cheerful. It was a seemingly endless expanse of treeless, rolling land, covered with a sparse crop of short withered grass and sage brush. Not a living creature could be seen near or far except an occasional hawk, either hovering about the train like a lost soul, and uttering at intervals a piercing, distressed cry, or, ominous like the bird of Poe, perched upon the bleached skull of a long dead bison.

The train, however, moved rapidly on, and presently there came in sight a long, dark, moving line that seemed, in the distance, like an army drawn in line of battle with cavaliers galloping in its rear. This supposed army proved to be an immense herd of cattles, and the men on horseback, with the regulation sombrero, were its faithful guardians called by the unpoetic name of "cow boys."

Cattles and cow boys were fast disappearing from view when a gentleman called attention to a newcomer, a beautiful animal with a tremendous head gear. It stood motionless, some two or three hundred yards away, looking at the passing cars. We were of the unanimous opinion that it was a deer, and all my companions of the platform rushed at once in the coach to convey to the ladies the startling news that there was "a deer near by." Presently a fat and good-natured looking man came out laughing himself almost into hysterics.

"Well, I'll be dog gone," said he, putting his hand on my shoulder, "if that aint the freshest set of fellows I ever came across. They are a tellin' the women that this here thing is a deer."

"Is it not a deer?"

"Well, I guess not."

"What is it, then?

"An antelope, of course. You've never been in these parts, I reckon, for you would have known what the thing was at once. Where are you bound for?"

"For California, and this is my first trip across the continent."

"Ah! no wonder you thought that there antelope a deer. What is your line?"

"I don't know that I have any special line."

"Travelling for pleasure?"

"Not exactly, I am studying the country."

"Intend buying land in California?"

"No, sir; I have not had, as yet, any such intention."

"Well, you better not, either. California is no place to buy land. If you ever make up your mind to get a ranch, go to Oregon, that's the place for you."

"Why not to California?"

"In that State the most valuable land is owned by monopolies, such as railroad corporations, or by individuals who secured it by treaty in the acquisition of California from Mexico. These immense tracts of land are practically withheld from settlers by high prices. It would take a fortune to buy a respectable farm, and when a man has got a fortune he'd better stay East to enjoy it in his old home, among his early associates. When I came West with my family, five years ago, I intended to settle in Calfornia. I liked the State, it is rich with mines, and its soil is the most productive on the Coast, and its climate just suited me; but there was no use of trying to stay there, my purse was too small for California. I went to Oregon, bought a hundred and sixty acre ranch, and I am now worth twenty thousand dollars."

"If such is the case, emigration must be greater to your State than to California."

"I aint got the statistics, but I venture to say that of all the emigrants who come to the Pacific coast for the purpose of buying farms, two-thirds at least go to Oregon. Out of the sixty emigrants there in the cars, I found that more than forty are going to Oregon. I'll go with you if you wish to ask them."

I declined, assuring the gentleman from Oregon that his word was sufficient. This was the first intimation I had of the existence of land monopolies in California. I had not been long on the Coast ere I found that the gentleman had told the truth. I found that millions of acres of the richest soil in the State, were, in fact, held beyond the reach of purchase by greedy monopolists; that this land, upon which hundreds of thousands of families would thrive, grow rich, build villages, and even flourishing cities, lay idle, a desert; and that, consequently, the tide of emigration had turned towards the younger Pacific State in the north. I found all this in a State the future greatness of which wholly depends on the full development of its marvellous agricultural resources. I was, however, told that there being no law of primogeniture in California, the evil could only be temporary; that the "thing must eventually right itself," since the New Constitution requires that all agricultural land of the same quality, whether under culture or not, shall be assessed at the same value, and equally taxed. This new system of land assessment and taxation is undoubtedly as wise as it is timely, and if judiciously and faithfully applied may result in the complete breaking up of a monopoly that might ultimately end in the establishment of something like the feudal system, a landed aristocracy, which means riots, bloodshed, a revolution, and the final downfall of republican institutions. Then let us most earnestly hope that the new system of taxation will reduce the price of land, now held by railroad corporations and speculators, so as to bring it within the reach of the humblest purse; and that these hundreds of thousands of uncultivated leagues, will, at an early date, bring forth incalculable wealth under the hands of millions of independent and prosperous settlers.

XV.

WILL THE CHINESE CEASE COMING? IF NOT, WHAT THEN?

THEY are seventy five thousand strong in California,—the Chinese. Of these, thirty thousand live in San Francisco. They have taken possession of seven or eight blocks in the very heart of the city, and hoisted the dragon banner thereon. Here they are packed from cellar to attic like bees in a hive, and here they seem disposed to stay. More industrious people have never trodden the wide earth. They are ever busy with their hands and brains, and one by one the silver dollar and the gold piece find their way to the pockets of their trousers. From the most delicate handiwork to the shovelling of dirt there is nothing they cannot do, and their readiness to work for any wages, however low, has already driven the white laborer to the verge of starvation.

The Celestials are cunning as well as industrious, and their jesuidical diplomacy serves them well with the people who either employ them or buy their wares. They are courteous, quiet, unobtrusive, good-natured and obedient even to servility. They stoop very low, knowing well that they will some day stand erect and high upon a bag of gold. They have accomplished in California that which European emigrants would not have dared to undertake in any part of the Union, even had they felt the inclination — they have, by systematically underselling white labor, gained the monopoly of nearly all the industries of the State.

Chinatown in San Francisco does the washing and the sewing of the metropolis; it monopolizes the cigar trade, furnishes the factories, the railroads and the farmers in and even beyond the State with workmen, and hotels and housekeepers with servants. It buys lots and builds houses, rents or buys agricultural land and supplies the State with every variety of vegetables. This diminutive American Pekin has also a government of its own, a code of laws which are strictly enforced. It has its theatres and heathen temples, and worships its idols under the very shadows of Christian churches. In short, the ubiquitous, patient, ever plodding Celestial sees no reason why he should not make himself perfectly at home in California, now that he has routed his white competitor in the industrial field.

Is this a case of the "survival of the fittest?" It would seem so. At all events the unprejudiced and disinterested observer is not prepared to admit that the Chinaman, since he has been invited to come to the United States, should be taken to task because he happens to grow fat on ten cents worth of rice per day, and manages on wages not exceeding twenty dollars per month, to make frequent deposits at the bank. It would be absurd to assume that the right of employers to have their work done at the lowest rate can be questioned. To employ Chinese cheap labor may not be Christian-like or patriotic; but it has the advantage of being business-like.

The average monthly wages paid to Chinamen in California I found, if correctly informed, does not exceed twenty dollars. A white man could not be induced to do the same amount of labor for less than forty dollars per month. Granting that two Americans can do the work of three Chinamen, it will be seen that the employer is still twenty dollars the richer. The main object of manufacturers is to realize the most profit on the capital invested, and as the price of labor constitutes the prominent item in the daily expenditure, they should not be expected to hire Patrick at ten dollars per week when John can be got for half that amount. It would seem then that the white laborer in California is chiefly responsible for his present impoverished condition, through his unwillingness to accept the rate of wages paid to the Chinese. But Patrick reasons in this way: If I can't provide myself and family with the necessary amount of food to keep alive on five dollars per week, I may as well starve doing nothing.

The question is a complicated one. Employers are not disposed to yield to the demand for reasonably high wages. Chinamen thrive on their small earnings, and the proud Aryan laborers are compelled to subsist on crumbs accidentally left on the yellow man's table; the factory and the farm-house being practically closed against them.

There seems to be but one way out of the difficulty. In order to compete successfully with the Celestials the white man must undergo a radical change:—metamorphose himself into a Chinaman. He must live in a room four feet square with a ceiling touching the crown of his head, eat rice or decayed meat, and little at that; stop his newspaper, and periodical contributions for the support of churches, missionaries and all philanthropic institutions. He must waive the payment of school taxes and of all other taxes, wear a fifty cent blouse and a five cent hat; close his eyes to all those little comforts that brighten the life of a Christian artisan; and, if he be the father of a family, hand over his wife and children to the cheapest undertaker. It will be readily understood that such metamorphosis lies among the impossibilities. A free, intelligent American, whether native or naturalized, could not, and would not if he could, remodel his life after that of the yellow man, who, on the other hand, is no more likely to become Christianized or Americanized than to be turned into a pillar of salt.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since the Mongolians fixed their abode in a great English-speaking Christian commonwealth, yet not the least perceptible change has taken place in their mode of life thought, or style of dress; and not three out of every thousand can speak English intelligibly. Their children born and brought up on American soil are also like their parents, Chinese in every particular. They live for themselves and laugh at American civilization with impunity. From humble laborers under the direction of Americans, they are gradually rising to the position of employers and proprietors. There are now thousands of such successful Chinamen in all parts of the State. They control and direct labor with as much skill as any experienced white man, and compete with American producers, who find themselves compelled to resort to the employment of Chinese labor or meet disaster and bankruptcy. In a word, not content with the monopoly of labor, the yellow men are beginning, by a skilfully managed and persistent competition, to absorb the manufacturing and agricultural interests of California. That competition, too, promises to grow more effectual as their number and capital increase.

The question is not whether the Chinese must go, but whether they can be made to stop coming. If they cease their migration to the Pacific coast, it is most likely that they have had their best days in California. They will decrease rather than increase, for they are already coming East in large numbers. They can thrive as well in the frozen zone as in the sunny South; and it makes no difference where they happen to land provided there is money in prospect. But should the Pacific mail steamers continue to unload cargo after cargo of Celestials on the San Francisco wharfs, there is, indeed, a gloomy prospect in store for the Golden State.

If seventy five thousand Chinamen, and perhaps less, have captured the industries of a State containing nearly a million inhabitants, driving the white men from their employment, it is not difficult to foresee what five hundred thousand of these impassive, feelingless creatures could do, were they present in such numbers. The figure could even be raised to millions. And why not? Is there not an exhaustless base of supply beyond the Pacific? It is rational to assume that the yellow men will continue to land in California so long as the ports remain open. The United States Government bids him come, and he comes. Are these the *avant garde* of millions who are to follow? Is this country threatened with Asiatic civilization? I do not pretend to know. It appears, however, certain that the Chinese Empire is about to be stirred up from its lethargic sleep of 40 centuries. European powers, armed to the teeth, are crowding upon its frontiers, seeking a new market for their wares. The Russians are thundering in the North and North-west. The English and the Burmese await a favorable opportunity to cross its southern and south-western borders. The unfriendly Japanese are ready to assail it in the east, and, if need be, the French fleet can move on from Pondicherry to its south-eastern ports, in order to get a piece of the loaf.

There are, furthermore, within its own territory, chronic famines, pestilences, and threats of popular uprisings. Let there be but a spark, which may come at any moment from Russia, and a tremendous conflagration would ensue. There could follow but one result:—the triumph of Western arms and the dismemberment of the empire of Fohi; the victory of Christian civilization over Confucian philosophy.

The next act in the drama would consist in the speedy emigration of innumerable Celestials westward to the Malaysia Islands, Australia and South America; but especially to the shores of the Golden State. From thence they would move eastward, invading every State, city and village in the land, bringing misery to the household of every American engaged in manual labor.

It will be said in answer to the above that the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire, through European invasion, is by no means probable.

To this I will answer that I am nevertheless of the opinion that Chinese emigration, if not prevented, will continue. If not for the possible reason suggested, it will continue because of the urgent necessity of relieving the great empire of the East of a surplus, starving population. Steamers owned by Chinese capitalists are now making fortnightly trips to San Francisco from Chinese ports. In these steamers a part, at least, of that surplus population will find its way to American shores. It is obvious that the Chinese must emigrate, and as they cannot effect a lodgment in Europe they will cross the Pacific and come west to this country, a country in which they are so very cordially received by its Government if not by the people of California.

Writes General John F. Miller, in "The Californian," for March, 1880: "If we continue to admit this immigration until the Chinese form a considerable part of our population, what impression will they make upon the American people? and what will be the effect upon Anglo-Saxon civilization? Can the two civilizations endure side by side as two separate forces? If not, which will predominate? When the end comes for one or the other, which will be found to have survived? All these queries presuppose that the present unique experiment will be permitted to proceed. But it is not probable that the American will abandon his civilization and adopt that of the Chinese. It is quite as impossible for him to become such a man as the Chinaman is, as it is improbable that the Chinaman will become such as the American is. Nor is it probable that the American will abandon his country and give it up to the Chinaman. Can these two meet half-way? Can a race half Chinese and half American be imagined? A civilization half Anglo-Saxon and half Chinese? It is possible that the experiment now going on will be brought to a halt before it comes to that point. This attempt to take in China by absorption is likely to result in an epidemic of 'black vomit.' Is it not manifest that at some time in the future—should Chinese immigration continue—a policy of exclusion toward these people must and will be adopted in the fulfilment of the law of self-preservation? Why not adopt it now? . . . . .

"Those who affect to believe the territory of the United States sufficient in extent and fertility to afford a home for all mankind, and stretch forth their arms in generous invitation and welcome to all sorts of people, have probably never thought much of the future of their country, nor considered well the interest of posterity. Suppose all immigration to be now stopped, how long a time would elapse until the United States should be, by natural increase alone, as densely populated as any European State? Malthus cited the United States as an example in which the natural increase of the human race is in a geometrical ratio, fixing twenty-five years as the term in which the population doubles itself. Macaulay approves this estimate. Adam Smith wrote that 'in North America it has been found that the population doubles in twenty or twenty-five years.' The general estimate, by those who have given the subject attention, is, that a healthy, vigorous population will, under favorable conditions as to food, climate and space, double itself by natural increase every twenty-five years. Our census returns do not probably prove the exact correctness of this statement, if applied to the United States, but the estimate is not far out of the way. Taking, then, thirty years as the term in which the population of this country would double, without the aid of immigration, we should have in sixty years one hundred and eighty millions of people. Permitting immigration, but limiting it to European peoples alone, we should unquestionably have that number within sixty years—perhaps within fifty years. Supposing the territorial area of the United States to remain the same it now is, long before the second centennial year the question of subsistence will have become the 'burning question' of the time. The grandchildren of many who now so benevolently invite Chinese immigration may find it difficult to obtain a homestead, even upon the bleak, gravelly plains of the great 'American Desert.' . . . . .

"Since it is clear that the country is not large enough, and cannot be so extended (without making republican government impossible) as to accommodate a moiety of the human race who desire to come, is it not time to begin a rational discrimination among the varieties of men who are crowding in upon us? Or is it to be said that there is no choice among the races of men, and that all immigrants are equally desirable? Or, if it be admitted that some sorts are more desirable than others, has the nation no power of discrimination? After what may be considered a patient trial, the Americans of the Pacific States are of the opinion, that there is a vast difference between the varieties of men who come to the western shore, and that of all the bad sorts who have come and continue to come, the Chinese are the worst. They believe also that the nation has the power to discriminate against these, and that the time has come to exert that power."

In conclusion, I am strong in the belief that Chinese emigration to California foreshadows a future of anarchy, of blood for that State. It remains to be seen whether or no the United States Government will persist in paving the way to such a future.

I will now take leave of the Golden State, cross the proud Sierras, the alkali desert of Nevada, and enter the land of the "saints."

XVI.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

"WHAT time is it?" I asked of a companion tourist.

"Four o'clock. Too early yet to get a good view of the city and its surroundings. Suppose we light a cigar and take a rest."

"Agreed, sir, agreed. We are now in a commanding position, let us wait for the sun to light up the scene."

The city alluded to by my fellow-traveller was Salt Lake City, and the conversation took place on a mountain overlooking the north part of the town.

Slowly but surely the rose-colored wings of dawn chased away the lingering shadows, until the valley before us became flooded with light. At the foot of the mountain upon which we stood, and which forms a broken semi-circle extending from north to south, lay the American Jerusalem, the queen city of the desert, the home of a people cradled in delusions. Fine business blocks, beautiful private dwellings and the huge Mormon temples crowded upon our vision. Wide streets planted with trees, and with streams of clear water flowing swiftly on either side, ran to the four points of the compass. There were large gardens with flower beds, fruit trees and shrubbery; and at the southern outskirt of the town a row of poplar trees stood upon a slight elevation, like so many sentinels watching over the city of the "saints." Farther in the south, west and north the eyes rested with pleasure upon vast fields green with vegetation, or followed the course of the Jordan slowly winding its way to the bitter lake beyond; the home of countless flocks of gulls, of cranes and of pelicans.—Melancholy dwellers on the sea waves.—Again we saw, near at hand, in the distance, all around us, the blue or snowy—and fantastically shaped—summits of endless mountains.

I looked and enjoyed, and then my mind wandered back over a period of thirty years, and I said to myself: "There was an unknown, barren plain here then, instead of fields covered with a rich harvest; and this beautiful, flourishing city was among the things to be and——"

Here I was interrupted by my companion, who, by the way, was a faithful subject of her majesty the good Queen Victoria.

"Is it true," said he, "that this blarsted country hereabouts was settled by a band of religious fanatics?"

"Precisely as true as that the first settlers of New England were fugitives—religious fugitives—from your own country."

At the conclusion of this colloquy we came down from the mountain.

XVII.

WHAT ARE THEY? AMERICANS, NO; ANTI-AMERICANS AND POLYGAMISTS.

Salt Lake City, or Utah, naturally suggests Mormonism, and Mormonism of recent date implies polygamy. These are the questions the writer proposes to investigate.

The people who dwell in this famous city, and in the Territory containing it, may be said to constitute the strangest phenomenon to be found in American history. Here we find a nation within a nation. One hundred thousand people defy the laws and abhor the whole social system of a nation of which they should form an obedient and sympathetic part. They are willing strangers in their home; for the common country is home. They are protected by the Stars and Stripes, yet they know not the flag. They take little or no interest in the working of national affairs. They do not vote, or, when they do vote, the ticket supposed to favor their church policy is certain of their support. Mormon and anti-Mormon, such are their political parties. John Taylor is their Chief Executive. The Twelve Apostles constitute their senate; the Elders, their congress; and the Tabernacle may be called their capitol. They voluntarily obey no commands but those emanating from the Church. Coerce them into obedience of the law, they instantly cry out, "persecution!"

These people are not, however, bad people. They are not the monsters that political mountebanks, demagogues and religious fanatics would have us believe. On the contrary, they are thrifty, honest, peaceable, kind to their families and fond of their homes. Many men among them are distinguished for their learning, others for their business ability; and the women of the better class are quite clever, or, as the good American would say, accomplished. They are, however, shy, suspicious, uncommunicative, easily swayed by their leaders, and can be wrought to the highest pitch of anger by anything said derogatory to Mormon orthodoxy.

The Mormon preachers, it is said, are in the habit of using vulgar, prurient language in their sermons. The assertion is not altogether untrue. The sermons I have heard in the Tabernacle and in the ward meeting-houses were, I must say, more remarkable for their violent denunciations of the "gentiles" than for their choice of language. Furthermore I have before me several sermons, preached by the highest dignitaries of the Church, before large assemblies of men, women and children, that would cause an abnormal flow of blood to the cheeks of a courtesan. But, again, the better class of the "saints" show much better breeding in speech and manners, in their daily intercourse with one another, than can be found among many of the gentiles in Salt Lake City.

I venture to say that if these troublesome Mormons were living on an isolated island, alone and independent, they would be called the modern Spartans, and people would flock thither from all parts of the world to study their laws. Unfortunately, however, for them and for the Government of the United States, they do not live on an isolated island, but in the midst of a utilitarian, yet active and progressive people not given to sentimentality. To cap the climax, too, they seem to take no little pride in making themselves obnoxious to this very people amongst whom they have voluntarily cast their lot. In short, they are anti-Americans as well as polygamists.

XVIII.

HAS MORMONISM ORIGINATED IN A FALSEHOOD?

IT is claimed that on the twenty-first day of September, 1823, an American farmer, Joseph Smith by name, then living in Manchester, N. Y., beheld before him an angel whose presence filled the whole atmosphere with a halo of glory; that the unexpected visitor was a messenger whom God had dispatched to Mr. Smith for the express purpose of informing him "that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel was at hand to be fulfilled; that the preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence; that the time was at hand for the Gospel, in all its fulness, to be preached in power unto all nations; that a people might be prepared for the millennial reign;" that he, Joseph Smith, Esq., of Manchester, N. Y., "was chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God to bring about some of his purposes in this glorious dispensation;" that he "was also informed concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, and shown who they were, and from whence they came, a brief sketch of their origin, progress, civilization, laws, governments, of their righteousness and iniquity, and the blessing of God being finally withdrawn from them as a people was made known unto him." Joseph Smith was again "told where there were deposited some plates, on which were engraven an abridgment of the records of the people that had existed on this continent;" that after the angel had appeared to him several times and unfolded the "majesty and glory of the events that should transpire in the last days," he, on the twenty-second day of September, 1827, four years after their first interview, allowed him to take from under a heavy stone, on the top of the Hill of Comorah, a few miles from Palmyra, N. Y., the famous records which are now called the Book of Mormon, the Bible of the Latter-day Saints.

"The records," Joseph Smith goes on to say, "were engraven on plates which had the appearance of gold, each plate was six inches wide and eight inches long, and not quite so thick as common tin. They were filled with engravings, in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume, as the leaves of a book, with three rings running through the whole. The volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters on the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, and much skill in the art of engraving. With the records was found a curious instrument which the ancients called Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones set in the rim of a bow fastened to a breastplate." Joseph Smith translated this book, or the half of it, with the aid of these "stones" and his friend the angel.

I will again have occasion to speak of those plates.

No sooner had the famous book been translated than Joseph Smith set about proselyting, making many converts and many more enemies, it is alleged, building churches, and forming colonies of "saints." These converts, however, were driven from place to place by the gentiles, who took a dislike to them at the outset, which dislike was duly reciprocated by the newly sainted community. "Prophet" Smith and his followers attempted to make a New Jerusalem of Kirkland, Ohio, but did not succeed; for the merciless gentiles chased them away into Missouri, and from there to Nauvoo, Illinois. Here again, as it is well known, they got themselves into trouble with the authorities. A riot ensued, resulting in the imprisonment of Smith, who was shortly after murdered by a cowardly mob. Two years after this occurrence, in 1846, the saints resolved to migrate westward, beyond the great plains, in the mountains, where they could live undisturbed; and the fall of 1847 found them worshiping at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in Salt Lake Valley, on the present site of Salt Lake City.

Now the Utah saints, mostly English and Scandinavians, number over one hundred thousand. They have a beautiful capital boasting of twenty thousand inhabitants—some five thousand being gentiles—and several other important towns. They have transformed the desert into a garden. They have their Tabernacle, Temple, ward meeting-houses to the number of twenty-one; their public schools, one "University," and a theatre. They have factories and banks, and wholesale and retail stores. They have *their* Territorial Legislature, *their* City Council, *their* police, newspapers and printing houses. They buy nothing from the gentiles, neither do they ask favors. They are prosperous, and the power of their church is absolute in Utah. But their religious fabric has been reared upon a lie, and like a lie it will run its time and pass away.

I mean no disrespect to the Mormons. Furthermore, I shall at once withdraw my assertion if any of the saints can show me the plates, or a part of the plates, from which the Book of Mormon is said to have been translated.

I would very much like to see those plates. Where are they? Can they be found in the Tabernacle, where they should very naturally have been placed amongst other relics? They are not there. Perhaps President Taylor has them in his house? No. Have they been buried in a secluded spot, consecrated by the church, and known only to its dignitaries? No. Were they destroyed at the burning of the Tabernacle at Nauvoo? No. They might have been lost by some of the elders, intrusted with their care, in their frequent and precipitated flight? No; for they would have been found. Such valuable records could not have been lost or burned or voluntarily destroyed. The Mormons must have kept them as a living proof of the authenticity of their Book of Mormon. No, they have not been preserved. They are nowhere to be found, and the saints don't seem to care anything about the matter.

Nineteen centuries have passed since the crucifixion of Jesus, yet pieces of the cross upon which he suffered death can be seen in the principal Catholic churches all over Christendom, and they are shown and looked at on bended knees. The time of the discovery of the plates is not obscured by the shadows of centuries; it is contemporaneous; it is but fifty-seven years since, and not a piece as large as a pin's head of the famous plates has been preserved!

Joseph Smith settles the mystery in the eyes of his deceived followers by saying that he gave the plates back to the angel after he had translated them. But this way of disposing of so important a question is not at all satisfactory to the gentiles.

An angel gives a book to Joseph Smith, half of which is unsealed and the other half sealed, for the purpose of having the unsealed part translated, *and that only*. Now why in the name of sense did the angel give that sealed part of the book to Smith if he did not wish to have it translated? Smith could do nothing with it unless it was to carry it about for three years, and keep a constant watch over it; for the mob wanted to steal it we are informed.

An angel came down from heaven and said he unto Joseph Smith: Here are a few hundred plates, 6 x 8 inches; they are covered with Egyptian characters. I wish you to translate half of them. You know nothing of Egyptian, but I will tell you what it all means, so proceed. Smith did proceed, and it took him three years to write, under the dictation of his heavenly tutor, some eight hundred pages of common-sized note paper. This delay was caused, Smith says, by the want of trustworthy persons to do his writing. Then he did not do his own writing? and why not, if he could write? He tells us that he copied the characters from the plates, and then translated from this copy to some one who faithfully wrote down the version. Why did he not translate from the plates and write his own translation? This was the proper and only way to save time and much useless trouble; for the "prophet" informs the reader that a man named Harris, who had volunteered to write for him, stole a part of his copy which was "never recovered or obtained back;" and that in consequence of this, the translation was for "a long time stopped."

Why Smith should have stopped translating because his copy was stolen, when he had the plates from which the copy was made, does not appear quite clear to my mind.

An angel leaves the blue vault above for the earth below, and he brings with him some plates covered with mysterious characters which he wants Smith to translate, and enjoins him in the meantime not to let any one see the precious plates. Yet while the plates are in the possession of Smith the angel himself shows them to three men who solemnly testify "that an angel of God came *down from heaven* and *brought* the plates" with him, which he laid before their eyes.

Let us see. The angel gives the plates to Joseph Smith, and while they are still in the hands of Smith he brings them down from heaven and exhibits them "before the eyes" of Brother Cowdery & Co. There must have been two editions of the plates!

The singularly good-natured angel again allowed Smith to show the plates to eight more men. These eleven men are the only persons who are said to have seen the plates, and they were *co-workers of Smith.* The wife of the "prophet" never saw them either. A package of plates 6 x 8 inches, and some seven inches in thickness, weighing perhaps fifty pounds, and which everybody was anxious to see, remained over three years in Smith's house, which must have been small and scantily furnished for he "was very poor," and his wife never saw these plates ! ! Truly she was a model woman, that wife of Smith, she, instead of Eve, ought to have been Adam's wife.

Joseph Smith, like all religious reformers, was an enthusiast, a sentimentalist, a dreamer, endowed with great intellectual power and firmness of purpose. He must have read and re-read the Bible when quite young. He was fond of solitude and "given to meditation and deep study" we are informed. He said one day to his mother who wanted him to attend a religious meeting : "I can take my Bible and go into the woods and learn more in two hours than you can learn at meeting in two years, if you should go all the time."

It was doubtless during these frequent visits to the woods that he first conceived the idea of founding a religion and planned and perfected the religious code which subsequently appeared under the title of the Book of Mormon. It was also during his walks in the solitude that he skilfully devised the story of the plates and that of apparitions of angels.

Smith had a sagacious mind and he was a man of system. He very well knew that his Book of Mormon would make but few proselytes unless it was implicitly believed to have originated in the mystic regions above, beyond the pale of this common world; that religions must be born of mysteries to find adherents among the great mass of unthinking humanity.

But the New York "prophet" reckoned without the nineteenth century. The Latter-day Saints came too late. This is an era of mathematical exactness. The spirit of inquiry stands out uppermost in modern minds; it looks into and investigates all things. It brings light from darkness and order from confusion. It sifts ideas, men and creeds. It gathers from the various products of the human brain that which is good and useful, and all that which is false, abject, prurient, debasing it holds up to the contempt of the world. The story of the plates could not bear its test, for it is found to be a falsehood plainly visible with the naked eye. And we find one hundred thousand American citizens, or rather men who should be American citizens, worshiping at the shrine of this lie.

A strange phenomenon it seems. Yet it is not strange if one considers that the religion of the Mormons, leaving out polygamy and present revelations, is in the main very much the same as the religion of the Christians, especially the Protestant Christians. Their Book of Mormon is an adaptation from the Old and the New Testaments, with modifications to suit the author's policy, and their form of worship differs but little from that of non-ritualistic Protestant churches.

XIX.

THEIR CATECHISM.—TWO HOURS IN THE TABERNACLE.—THEIR PROFESSION OF FAITH.

SUNDAY forenoon among the Mormons is devoted to the religious instruction of youths in the ward meeting-houses. Here children are taught the catechism. This catechism contains seventy-four pages and is divided into eighteen chapters.

In the first chapter occur the following questions and answers:

Q. What is your duty to God?

A. To love him with all my heart, and keep his commandments.

Q. Why should you love God and keep his commandments?

A. Because it is by His power and goodness that I exist, and am sustained day by day.

Q. What is your duty towards your parents?

A. To love and obey them.

Q. Why should you love and obey your parents?

A. Because it is a command of God, and because they were the means of bringing me into the world; they nursed and fed me when I was a little babe, and now continually love me and provide food, clothing and lodging for me. They watch over me in sickness, direct me in health, and teach me to be clean, neat, industrious, and orderly, so that when I have grown up I may be useful.

Chapters V. and VI. contain a curious mixture of orthodox teachings and modern speculations in metaphysics. In Chapter V. we find what follows:

Q. What kind of being is God?

A. He is in the form of a man.

Q. How do you learn this?

A. The Scriptures declare that man was made in the image of God.

Q. Have you any further proof of God's being in the form of man?

A. Yes; Jesus Christ was in the form of man, and was at the same time in the image of God's person.

Q. Is it not said that God is a spirit?

A. Yes; the Scriptures say so.

Q. How, then, can God be like a man?

A. Man has a spirit, though clothed with a body, and God is similarly constituted.

Q. Has God a body, then?

A. Yes; like unto a man's body in figure.

Q. Is God everywhere present?

A. Yes. . . .

Q. If God is a person, how can he be everywhere present?

A. His person cannot be in more than one place at the same time, but he is everywhere present by his Holy Spirit.

Q. Is God a being of truth, justice and righteousness?

A. Yes; for he cannot lie or sin.

I now quote from Chapter VI.:

Q. How can God be the Father of all men, when every man has a natural father upon the earth?

A. God is the Father of the spirits of all men.

Q. Did the spirits of all men exist, then, before they took bodies upon the earth?

A. Yes; they existed in the spirit world.

Q. For what purpose are the spirits of men sent to take bodies upon the earth?

A. That they may be educated, developed and perfected; that they may enjoy a fulness of knowledge, power and glory, and thus increase the dominion and glory of God.

Q. How many states of existence do intelligent beings, who become gods, experience?

A. Three grand states.

Q. What is the first state of existence?

A. Intelligences are begotten spirits, sons and daughters to God, in the spirit world, the spirits being in the form of man's natural body.

Q. What is the second state of existence?

A. The spirits are sent to dwell upon some world, and take upon themselves mortal bodies, and become more fully acquainted with the nature of good and evil, joy and sorrow, that their perception of pleasure and happiness may be perfected, and they thereby be enabled to appreciate and enjoy a fulness of bliss throughout eternity.

Q. What is the third state of existence?

A. After having laid down their mortal bodies, through corruption and death, the spirits receive bodies not subject to death; and those spirits who have been faithful to their Father in heaven during their first and second estates, are exalted as kings and priests, and they receive power, dominion, honor and glory similar to what God possesses, in celestial worlds, forever and ever.

In Chapters VII. and VIII. is given the story of the creation of the world, of the fall of Adam and Eve and the punishment that followed; the whole being the same in substance, if not in words, with that of Protestant and Catholic catechisms.

Chapter XIV. speaks of the "Church of Christ," and this is what it has to say about it:

Q. What are those who believe and obey the truth called?

A. Saints.

Q. What are they called as an organized body of people?

A. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Q. Are there more Churches of Christ on earth than one?

A. No. There can be but one, and though that one may have many branches, they must all be united, and be subject to one head.

Q. Is it right that any branch of the Church of Christ should call itself the Church of England, or the Wesleyan Methodist Church, or the New Connection Methodist Church, or the Reformed Methodist Church, or the General Baptist Church, or the Particular Baptist Church?

A. No. God highly disapproves of such names being applied to his church or any portion thereof.

Q. Are these societies which use such names branches of the Church of Christ?

A. No; for they are founded in the wisdom of this world, by men who have not received authority from God.

Q. How can the Church of Christ be known from other religious societies?

A. By various characteristics, among which may be named its priesthood and organization; its being led by a prophet having direct revelation from God; its enjoying the gifts and blessings of the Holy Ghost and promising the same to all believers; its purity and consistency of doctrine; its unity and oneness of spirit; its gathering its members from among the wicked; its building of temples dedicated to the Lord, instead of building churches and chapels dedicated to men and women; its being persecuted and evil-spoken of by every other society, and by every other people under heaven; and lastly, men may know the Church of Christ by obeying its doctrine, and obtaining a testimony for themselves by revelation from God.

Chapter XV. contains the commandments, including the seventh.

Chapter XVI. is entitled "Word of Wisdom," and it teaches among other things "that it is not good to drink wine or strong drinks, excepting in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and then it should be home-made wine; that it is not good to drink hot drinks, or chew or smoke tobacco; that strong drinks are for the washing of the body; and that tobacco is an herb for bruises and sick cattle."

In the eighteenth and last chapter is found the story of the plates and of the several apparitions of the Lord, of angels, and even of John the Baptist to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery in the woods.

It is a noticeable fact that not a single allusion to polygamy is found in the whole book.

Let us now enter the Mormon Tabernacle and see what is being done here on Sunday afternoon.

The Tabernacle, viewed from the outside, resembles the "round houses" seen at the principal railroad stations throughout the country. It is "150 x 250 feet, eighty feet high, oval in form, without a column, built on stone pillars twenty feet high, the roof being a lattice-work of red pine timber, and, with gallery, will contain twelve thousand people." The acoustic properties are such that I could hear a whisper from the guide at a distance of two hundred and fifty feet as distinctly as though he had been only at the distance of a single foot.

The visitor who finds himself within this building on Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, can witness the opening of the service. There are seated in the auditorium some three thousand worshipers facing the east end of the building, where the organ is placed and the church dignitaries are assembled. On either side of the organ is the choir, numbering one hundred singers—fifty ladies and fifty gentlemen. There are three pulpits directly in front of the organ. The first and nearest the organ is occupied by the President of the Church and his counsellors. In the second, which is in front of the first and about two feet lower, are seated the Twelve Apostles. The third and last pulpit is still lower than the second, and is filled with bishops and elders. Below this last pulpit, some three feet above the audience floor, is the Sacramental Table.

The service opens with a hymn by the choir. The singing is good. Then a prayer by one of the elders follows. Then a hymn again, during the singing of which the sacramental bread is being broken into small fragments by several of the elders. After the hymn is through one of the bishops blesses the bread which is then passed, in silver baskets, among the audience by ten or twelve men. During the passing around of the bread the sermon is being preached by some one from the assemblage of apostles, bishops, and elders. After the distribution of the bread, the water (water is used instead of wine) is prepared, and when ready, the chief or presiding bishop, who has been preparing it, with the help of several assistants, turns around to the speaker and by a sign signifies to the latter that the water is ready to bless, which the said bishop proceeds to do as soon as the preacher has stopped speaking. When the blessing is over the speaker resumes his discourse, the water, in the mean time, being passed among the worshipers. An anthem by the choir follows the sermon and then comes the benediction.

The reader has been given an opportunity to form a general idea of the doctrine taught in the catechism of the Mormons, and also of their mode of worship. Let us now acquaint him with their profession of faith. Here it is:

"We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

"We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

"We believe that these ordinances are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that a man must be called of God, by prophecy, and by laying on of hands by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz.: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists.

"We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues.

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly. We also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

"We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

"We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaic glory.

"We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege; let them worship how, where, or what they may.

"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates; in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to *all men;* indeed we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, 'we believe all things, we hope all things,' we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

XX.

WHAT THEY SAY OF POLYGAMY, AND WHAT I HAVE ALSO TO SAY.

POLYGAMY did not originally form a part of the Mormon creed; it was sewed on to it, so to speak, some fourteen years after the Book of Mormon had appeared in print. This book condemns the plurality of wives as a "thing abominable before the Lord," who furthermore gives his "chosen people" the following injunction: "There shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none."

This is the law which Joseph Smith tells us was revealed unto him by the Lord in 1829 or thereabouts; and this same Smith informs his people in 1843 that it is a bad law; that he had a lengthy interview with the Lord who told him that, after a careful consideration of the subject of polygamy, he was now convinced that he had made a mistake in condemning it; that the Mormons should hereafter be allowed to have as many wives as they could support. Polygamy dates from this famous interview in 1843; and, although comparatively few of the Mormons practise it, the vile doctrine is deeply rooted in their hearts. They have been taught to believe that it is the only reliable vehicle for a safe transportation to the world beyond.

The Mormons teach in their catechism that adultery is a crime, and then countenance and even command its practice; for we read in Joseph Smith's assumed revelation that the law relating to complex marriages "must be obeyed; for behold I reveal unto you a new and an everlasting covenant; and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned."

Adultery is a crime and not a crime at the same time. Such is the logic of the saints.

They argue, I know, that polygamy with them is not adultery; that the "Church of Jesus Christ" has the power to give unto a man several wives. But how can the Mormon church claim such prerogatives, when the book upon which it is founded positively says: "Concubines he shall have none; for the Lord delighteth in the chastity of women."

The additional wife of a brother Mormon is a concubine, an unclean woman in the eyes of the Lord, who speaks through their "bible," they claim, and in the eyes of the followers of the doctrine taught in the same "bible," the identical woman is as pure as a diamond of the first water, and the man who maintains illicit relations with her is a saint.

Why did Joseph Smith depart from the "Gospel" which he was chosen to "preach in *all its fulness* unto all nations," in his famous article "On celestial marriage," which he palmed off on his people as a revelation? Why did he take so fatal a step? Why inaugurate a doctrine that could be productive of no material, spiritual or moral good? Was it to gratify evil passions, or was it for the purpose of replenishing the Mormon camp? It is more charitable to believe that he was actuated by the desire to increase, in the shortest possible time, the number of his followers. Let it suffice to say, however, that the

American people are cognizant of the existence of polygamy among the Mormons; and that the latter now countenance its practice for the following reasons:

1. That it is the natural state of wedded life.

2. That prostitution, fœticide and infanticide, which are now "running riot in the land," are the natural results of monogamy; that these crimes being unknown among them, polygamy is therefore productive of a purer state of morals, and of a stronger and healthier race of men and women; and that furthermore two-thirds of the human race are polygamists.*

I open the Bible and, behold! I read that God on the sixth day created a man; that he gave unto this man a woman, and seeing that this was well he added no supplementary creation. If the Lord had intended that man should have many wives, he would doubtless have given a hundred, at least, to Adam, who had ample room for their accommodation, and it would not have cost him more to feed and clothe them.

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* These are the main arguments used by Mr. John Taylor, President of the Mormon church, in a conversation I had with him on the subject of polygamy.

But the Creator in his wisdom did nothing of the kind. This giving of only one wife to the first man was equivalent to saying: "Man, thou shalt have but one wife." It seems to have been so understood in the Scriptures at least; for they countenance nowhere, as a principle, polygamous relations. They would undoubtedly have done so had it been thought that such relations could be "productive of a purer state of morals."

The second statement is thought irrefutable by the Mormons. It is their strong point, their heavy piece of artillery, always loaded to the muzzle and ready to be discharged in the face of the impudent gentile who ventures to question the propriety of their having concubines.

Taking the statistics giving the number of prostitutes in the leading cities of the Union as a basis for computation, I find that there must be at least three hundred thousand of these women in the country; and that abortionists are doing a thriving business throughout the land is also susceptible of proof. This is indeed a most deplorable state of things, but it is no evidence against monogamy or in favor of polygamy. Women who murder their unborn infants and women of dissolute character can be found anywhere and everywhere from pole to pole, from the extreme east to the extreme west, among all nations whether they uphold the doctrine of monogamy or sanction that of polygamy. The very striking difference, however, is that among the former, such as in the United States for instance, prostitution is looked upon and treated as the vilest of crimes by the immense majority of the people, while among the latter, taking the Mormons as an illustration, this pestiferous sin is legalized by the church. Furthermore, there can be found on any day in the year in the capital of Utah, twenty and more women of the town belonging to polygamic families; and the Mormon population in the city does not exceed fifteen thousand. Yet Salt Lake City, as it is well known, is a religious centre *par excellence.*

The same number of women given to prostitution cannot be found in any other city of the Union having the same population, unless it may be in some of the mining or frontier towns where congregate large bodies of men and women more or less given to license and lawlessness. "These women are no longer members of our Church," said a prominent Mormon in speaking upon the subject. Most certainly not; but neither are the prostitutes among the gentiles any longer communicants of the respective churches wherein they received their religious education.

Prostitutes have always existed, and they will continue to exist. Poor women! they are weak rather than wicked specimens of their sex. Like the stragglers of a great army in a difficult march, they have neither the strength nor the courage to keep in line with the vast multitude in the perilous journey of life. They are not lost sight of, however; they appear in the atmosphere of our civilization like a deep, dark cloud in a serene sky. They cast a very unwholesome shadow upon the moral world; but are not shadows natural appendages of all organic and inorganic bodies under the sun?

At no time in the history of the world have women stood so high in the estimation of men as they stand to-day. They have been raised to that position through monogamy. With us, they are no longer objects of traffic—slaves. We recognize them as our equals. They are often our superiors in many respects. We respect, adore and obey them. They hold the power behind the throne, and that power is wielded for praiseworthy purposes. It is to their refining influences that our rapid social progress is chiefly due. Polygamy means their degradation and slavery

Polygamy is synonymous with effeminacy. Turkey is crushed by monogamic Russia, and two hundred million polygamous Hindostanese are conquered by as many thousand monogamic Englishmen. Aryan nations of Western Europe are as famous for their great intellectual achievements as for their skill, courage and wonderful power of endurance in the field. They are the powers that lead the world in the domain of thought and dictate their laws to hundreds of millions of Asiatics, who constitute the "two-thirds of the human race," said by the Mormons to practise polygamy.

The saints must either prefer quantity to quality, or entertain the idea that Turkey can be put on the same intellectual level with England, France or Germany, and Salt Lake City with Boston.

Mormon children by the first wife are well-formed, strong and healthy; but the offspring of wives number two, three and four is generally feeble in body as well as in mind.

"Are you married?" I inquired of a young Mormon.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you more than one wife," may I ask?

"Oh! no; I am too young, you see. When I am older I will take another one, if our persecutors leave us alone."

Here is a young man, among thousands who follow the same line of thought, full of vigor and strength, who is perfectly satisfied with one wife; but when his hair turns white and his physical powers begin to weaken he wants another wife!

It is quite evident that lust is the power that rules here. This conclusion being reached, I have no hesitation ,n saying that polygamy is nothing less than adultery; that it is filthy, a direct violation of natural laws, which are the laws of infinite wisdom; that it is an insult to American wives and daughters, and to our civilization; and that, it being prohibited by the laws of the States, there is not to be found even the shadow of a reason justifying its past, present, or, much less, its future practise in this country.

XXI.

A TREE THAT MUST GO BECAUSE IT GREW IN THE WRONG PLACE.

There is a tree in the middle of a crowded business thoroughfare. It grew there before the street extended to that point, and it was left growing partly out of sympathy for a few pioneers who love to linger under its shade, and partly as a curiosity. But the town is increasing so rapidly that the tree is now looked upon as a nuisance; it interferes with the free transit of vehicles, and business cannot be checked without a general loss to the community. And then it has become an unsightly, disagreeable object to the citizens who are constantly thronging the street; it obstructs the view, and the modern eye wants to see as far as possible.

The townspeople, in their restless activity, need plenty of room; yet they are ready to be crowded at times, provided good results can be secured through such an interference with their freedom of action. But in the case in point they have, naturally enough, come to the conclusion that no good and much harm can result from allowing their movements to be further obstructed by a tree that could, with proper care, be uprooted and planted by the curbstone on the same line with other trees, where it properly belongs. The conclusion is a just one. The reasoning is exactly to the point, mathematical, conclusive. The tree must cease to be in the way; there is room by the sidewalk, and there it must be made to thrive, to unite its foliage with other foliage, and to protect from the burning sun the sweltering pedestrians below.

The Mormons of Utah bear the same relation to the people of the United States that the tree does to the thoroughfare. So long as they were entirely isolated from the rest of the nation, they could dwell in peace and insult the American people and their institutions with impunity. But the population of the country is increasing. Emigrants from the Northwest, from the East and South are crowding upon the dominion of the saints; and behold, the primitive settlers of the Salt Lake Valley have again become, as in the days of Nauvoo, a thing insufferable, not because they are Mormons, but because they are anti-Americans and polygamists. They are a nuisance to the nation, and a continued source of annoyance to the Government.

Here the question naturally arises: What is to be done with them? Like the tree in the thoroughfare they must be removed, that is, they must be made to join the same line of march with the nation, and all that it implies. In other words, they must be thoroughly Americanized. In order to accomplish this end the Government should punish promptly, without mercy or discrimination, parties contracting polygamic marriages and also parties now in polygamous relations. The latter are among the most influential Mormons throughout the Territory, and their example naturally becomes the most pernicious.

Such a sudden, irresistible onslaught upon the Mormon camp would, for the time being, arouse the passions to a fever heat. Many a lip would quiver and grow pale with anger. There would be threats, curses and cries of "persecution;" but no riot would ensue, no blood would flow. The Mormons have too much good sense, they think too much of this world's goods to attempt resistance against fifty millions of people. Their passions, their violence of speech would gradually give place to a peaceful obedience to the law, when once driven to the wall with no means of escape.

Let polygamy be struck dead, and let it be struck now. Let the Government facilitate emigration to Utah, and when the population of gentiles exceeds that of the saints in the famous Territory, the Mormon question will be found sinking fast, out of sight and forever among the things that were.

THE END.